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SUMMER ROSES.

BY G. W.

Where a rose-bush twining clambers
Up the old home's crannied wall,
Where red rose-buds clustering gather,
Round a window of the hall—
There, from the casement leaning,
Is the sweetest rose of all.

Sunny-bright and joyous maiden,
Full of life as early morn,
Have a care, lest, plucking roses,
Little hands perchance be torn!
Lest those little lily fingers
'Midst the roses find a thorn!

What reck you of thorns 'mid roses,
While around all's bright and fair?
In the dawn of early morning,
Naught but sunshine fills the air;
O that, till the gloaming cometh,
No dark clouds may gather there!

Not but that, from out the roses,
Little thorns must sometimes peer;
Not that all the sunny heaven
Can be ever bright and clear—
To no mortal is it given
Ne'er to know a single tear.

Yet, O gladsome bright-eyed maiden,
May thy tears of grief be few—
Few the misty clouds of sorrow
Dimming thy life's orient blue;
But enough to keep thee spotless—
Ever pure in heart, and true.

CAST UP BY THE SEA!

By MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "East Lynne," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LEASE OF THE SAILOR'S REST.

The indisposition of Miss Bordillion soon passed, and Tiffie withdrew in silence, having the grace to feel that it was scarcely the moment to venture upon any more of her "condolences." The evening grew later, and the children were sent to bed, but Margaret sat on where she was, never quitting her chair.

To say that the news had stunned her, would be to use a most feeble expression, as descriptive of the facts. Her whole mind was in a chaos, and she was only conscious that the Rubicon, which most women must encounter once in their lives, was now passed, leaving behind it sweet and sunny plains, as of Arcadia; stretching out before it, the way she must henceforth walk, nothing but a black darkness.

But Margaret Bordillion was one to look troubles firmly in the face, and she set herself to do so by this, even now, in the very dawn of her agony. First of all, were the tidings true? If so, she must decide upon her own future movements, for to remain in the house after the young Lady Adelaide was brought to it, his wife—— Margaret bent her head with a wailing cry; she could not pursue the thought. She must, if possible, be satisfied on the point before she slept; there was only one way to accomplish it, and that was by putting the question to Mr. Lester; and she resolved to do it.

He came home about eleven o'clock, much surprised to see Miss Bordillion sitting there, for she never waited for him when he passed his evenings out.

"You are quite dissipated, Margaret," began he, in his gay, careless tones. "Eleven o'clock, and you sitting up!"

She strove to form her lips to answer, but no sound came from them. She was schooling down her manner to indifference, making an effort to speak with calmness, but it was more difficult than she had thought. Mr. Lester continued, noticing nothing:

"I am sure this is much more sensible than your dancing off upstairs to your own sitting-room or to bed, leaving an empty room to welcome me. I have wondered why you do so, Margaret; you can't fear I shall eat you."

Margaret cleared her throat preparatory to speaking, but the self-agitation which the effort induced was more than she well knew how to hide. Her heart was beating great thumps, beating up to her throat; her face was white and her lips were dry. She rose from her seat, and opening her workbox, which rested on a side table, stood there, apparently rummaging its contents, her back to Mr. Lester. Then she managed to bring out what she had made up her mind to say.

"I have been hearing some news to-night, and I thought I would wait and ask you if it was true. These warm evenings, too, one finds sitting up agreeable."

"What momentous news have you been hearing?" he laughed. "That the Thames has taken fire?"

"Something nearer home," she answered, dropping a reel of cotton and stooping for it. "I have been told that you are going to"—a sudden cough took her, which caused the pause—"to marry Lady Adelaide Errol."

"Now, who the deuce could have given you that information?" demanded Mr. Lester, in a joking tone.

"Tiffie. She said that Jones—at least I think she said it was Jones—had announced it to the servants, and she concluded he had authority from you."

"The notion of Miss Bordillion's listening to the gossip of servants!" was his retort.

And but for his manner, still a laughing one, she would have deemed it all nonsense together. Perhaps a faint hope did come across her that it might be.

At that juncture the butler happened to enter with some glasses, and his master arrested him.

"So, Jones, you have been making free with Lady Adelaide Errol's name to-night, in conjunction with mine."

Jones turned crimson and purple, and Jones stuttered and stammered, but not a connected word could Jones utter.

"Pray, from whom did you get your information?" continued Mr. Lester.

"Sir, I'm sure I beg pardon if—if it's not correct, or if I did wrong to speak of it," cried the man. "I got it from Mr. Geoffry Dane."

"From Mr. Geoffry Dane!" repeated Squire Lester, surprise causing him to echo the words. "How did that come about?"

"It was in this way, sir. I met Mr. Geoffry Dane in the road near the castle, and he stopped to speak—he often does, for he's a affable, pleasant gentleman—and just then my Lady Adelaide passed towards the castle with her maid and Bruff behind her. 'She's a winsome young thing, sir," I said, when Mr. Dane was putting on his hat again, which he had taken off to her; 'as good as a sunbeam.' 'It's a sunbeam you'll soon have near to you, Jones,' answered he; 'in a week or two's time she leaves the castle for your master's, changing her name for his.' He looked so queer when he said it."

"Queer! How 'queer?'" asked Mr. Lester.

"Well, sir, I can hardly describe. There was a funny look about his mouth—the corners of it drawn down like. It made me think he had been speaking in ridicule, but I found he had not."

The servant ceased, but no rejoinder was made to him.

"And I certainly did speak of it when I got home, sir, and I am sorry if it has given offence, but I thought there could be no harm in repeating it, as it was said openly to me. Shall I contradict it, sir?"

"Oh, dear, no," carelessly replied Mr. Lester. "You may go, Jones."

The man retired, and Miss Bordillion, who had been steadying her nerves during the colloquy, turned to Mr. Lester.

"It is true, then?"

"Yes; it is true, Margaret," he answered, his manner changing to seriousness. "I should have acquainted you with it to-morrow. The few words I said to you this morning after breakfast were intended as preparing heralds."

"And is it possible that it is so near?"

"Circumstances are compelling the haste. Lord Dane's state is most precarious, and I do not wish Adelaide to depart for Scotland."

"I think you should have told me," she returned, her voice expressing resentment. "It is a short notice for me to lay my plans and get away from the house."

"Get away from the house!" exclaimed Mr. Lester. "What are you thinking of now!"

"Nay, what are you thinking of, I may rather say?"

"The house is large enough for you and for Adelaide. She will not be putting you out of your place as mistress, because it is a place you have never assumed, and never would do it. You can remain in it precisely as you have hitherto done."

"No, Mr. Lester; it is impossible," she answered, a sickly smile momentarily arising to her features. "Before you bring home your wife, I must leave to make room for her."

"Margaret," he returned, in a low tone, "I do not forget that you promised Katherine to supply her place to Maria—to be, in a sense, the child's second mother. Are you forgetting it?"

A flush of pain dyed her face. The peculiar words called it forth.

"You are bringing home Maria's second mother in Lady Adelaide," she said, laying her hand on her chest to still its beating.

"I should not bring Adelaide here to saddle her with the charge of a child for whom she does not, as yet, care; and she is neither old enough nor experienced enough to fulfill the duties of a parent to one of Maria's age. When she shall have children of her own, experience will come with them. Margaret, you love Maria almost as the apple of your eye. You could not bear to part with her."

That it would bring more grief than she chose to acknowledge, was certain.

"I must bear it," was all she said.

"No, no. Margaret, by the remembrance of Katherine, for Maria's own sake, I ask you to rescind this expressed resolution, and remain with us. At any rate, for a period, say three months, six months, and then if your sojourn be not agreeable, if you and Adelaide cannot get on well together—then it will be time enough to talk of leaving. Dear Margaret! do not desert Maria."

He had drawn close to her and taken her hands in the earnestness of his emotion. She quietly withdrew them without reply, and Mr. Lester supposed his prayer was acceded to.

Margaret Bordillion retired to her chamber and sat herself down to think. What should she do? what *ought* she to do? She was a woman greatly alive to the dictates of conscience, one who was most anxious, even at a self-sacrifice, to fulfill her duty. And conscience was already beginning to ask her whether it would be right to abandon Maria Lester.

"Should I put my own pain, my own chilled feelings in comparison with this?" she asked herself. "Terrible as it will be to me to live here when she is his wife, perhaps I can bear it. And I deserve punishment. Yes; for I had no right to suffer myself to become so attached to him. Let me take up the punishment and bear it, as I best may."

She sat on, to the little hours of the morning, battling with her grievous trial; but no better reconciled did she get to it, and she rose impressed with the belief that she should not be able to remain. She made a kind of compromise with herself: she would not hurry away before the marriage, as was her first thought, but would remain during the month the bride and bridegroom expected to be absent on their wedding tour (following the customs of the world), and quit it only just previous to their return.

"About Edith?" she said to Mr. Lester the following day, without touching upon other particulars. "She had better be sent back to school."

"I don't see why she should be," was his reply. "She was invited for a three months' visit, and but a month of it has elapsed. Her remaining here will make no difference to Lady Adelaide; she will be with Maria."

Miss Bordillion made no rejoinder. Edith could leave when she did, she thought.

A few days passed on, nine or ten, and the day fixed for the wedding was drawing very close. Lord Dane seemed to have taken a turn for the better; he still kept his bed—from that he would never rise again—but his general health and spirits were much improved. One morning he sent for Mr. Apperly. The lawyer expressed his pleasure at seeing him so well.

"Yes," smiled Lord Dane, "I fancy I have taken another lease of my short span of life, and may be here a few months longer instead of a few weeks. Feeling equal to business, Apperly, I may as well execute the will to-day; I suppose it is ready."

"Quite ready, my lord, and has been this fortnight; but you were to let me know when to bring it up for signature."

"I have not been well enough to put myself to any sort of business or trouble," was the reply of Lord Dane.

"It is not well to suffer wills to remain unexecuted," remarked the lawyer. "Procrastination plays strange tricks sometimes."

Miss Bordillion rose from her seat, gazing at Adelaide. She stood as one petrified.

"Not well, as a general rule, or when a man lies daily in danger of death," acquiesced Lord Dane. "Had I been solely to go off like the snuff of a candle, I would have signed the will the day it was made. But I do not imagine my departure will be quite so sudden as all that."

"About witnesses?" inquired Mr. Apperly. "Shall I bring them with me?"

"There's no necessity. Bruff and one of the other men will do. Squire Lester may happen to be in the castle at the time; if so, he can be one."

"He marries Adelaide, we hear."

"Yes. Was it not you who drew up the settlement?"

Mr. Apperly shook his head.

"I am not solicitor to Mr. Lester. Oh, by the way," he suddenly added, "has your lordship heard that Hawthorne is off to Australia?"

"Hawthorne off to Australia!" uttered Lord Dane, turning his eyes on the lawyer in surprise. "What should take him thither?"

"He has heard from his two brothers, who went over, as your lordship may remember, some four or five years ago. They are doing well—excellently—are making fortunes, and have written for Hawthorne to go out and do the same."

"And he intends to go?"

"Ay, and to be off in a jiffy. Since the letter came the man has not known whether he stood on his head or his heels, his brain reeling with the golden visions it holds forth. He was with me next day, asking what he had better do about the lease of his house. It seems he had given wings to the news, and twenty are already after it, anxious to take it off his hands, of course, subject to your lordship's approval."

"A good house is the Sailor's Rest," remarked Lord Dane; "an excellent living for any steady man. Hawthorne would do well to think twice before he gives it up."

"So I told him. But, you see that sun, my lord, its rays shining in so brightly; you might just as well try to turn that from the earth as to turn Hawthorne from this new project. He is wildly bent upon it, and his wife is the same; she is already gone to London to lay in an outfit for the voyage."

"What do they mean to do with their furniture and fixtures?"

"Whoever takes to the house must take to them. He puts the value down at £300, altogether—furniture, fixtures, lease, and good-will—and it's not too much. One man is after it who would make a good tenant—Mitchel."

"Mitchel?" echoed Lord Dane. "What could he do with a public house? And where's his money?"

"Your lordship is thinking of the preventive man. I mean his brother."

"Oh, aye, I forgot him. Yes, he would be a good tenant, and could pay Hawthorne the money down. Well, I leave it to you, Apperly, but let the name be submitted to me before the bargain is actually struck. I like to approve of my own tenants."

"Very well, my lord; but I suppose I may allow the negotiations with Mitchel to go on, if he and Hawthorne so will it?"

"Yes, yes," returned his lordship, "I could have no objection to Mitchel. A respectable man, a very respectable man is Mitchel."

"And at what hour shall I return with the will?" inquired Mr. Apperly. "Three o'clock? four o'clock?"

"Any hour. You won't find me gone out," responded Lord Dane, with a joking smile.

"Then I'll say three," said Mr. Apperly, "and bid your lordship good-day now, hoping my visit has not fatigued you."

He had quitted the room, when Lord Dane's bell rang a hasty peal.

It was to recall him.

"Mr. Apperly," cried his lordship, "I do feel somewhat fatigued, not so well as I did when you came in, and think it may be better to put off the business till to-morrow. It's not well for me to attempt too much in one day. Be here with the will at eleven in the morning."

And the lawyer, with a bow of acquiescence, turned and went out again.

When he reached home, John Mitchel was waiting to see him, the man who wished to take the Sailor's Rest.

"Hawthorne and I have come to terms, sir," were the words with which he accosted Mr. Apperly, "and we shall want you to make out the agreement and transfer. I don't care how soon it's done."

"All very fine, my good man," returned the lawyer, who, lawyer-like, chose to throw difficulties in the way, though none really existed, "but there's a third party to be consulted in this affair besides you and Hawthorne, and that's Lord Dane."

"I feel sure his lordship will accept me readily," returned the man. "He could not find a surer tenant; you know he could not, Mr. Apperly."

"I have nothing to say against you, Mitchel; there's no doubt his lordship might get many a worse. Well, I'll see about it in a few days."

"But, if you could manage it, sir, we should like the deeds drawn out immediately. I want to take possession next week, and Hawthorne wants to be rid of it."

"Pooh, pooh," cried Mr. Apperly, "you can't take a bull by the horns in that way. Some men are six months getting into a house. I am busy to-day, and I shall be busy to-morrow, but you may come again the next morning. Meanwhile, I'll contrive to see Lord Dane."

"I dare say, sir," returned Mitchel, looking hard at Mr. Apperly, "you might accept me now, if you would. It's not altogether that I'm in so great a hurry to get into the house; it is Hawthorne who is in haste to get out of it; but what I want is, to make sure that I shall have it—that I shan't be put aside for another. I'd pay this, freely, to secure it, sir."

He laid down a £5 note. Five-pound notes had charms for Mr. Apperly like they have for all men, lawyers in particular. He looked at it complacently; but, true to his craft, he would not speak the word positive.

"I have some power vested in me, Mitchel, certainly, and believe I can promise that you shall become the tenant. Subject, you understand, to the consent of Lord Dane."

"Of course, Mr. Apperly, then it is a settled thing, for I know, his lordship won't object to me. So I'll say good-morning, and thank you, sir."

"And step in the day after to-morrow, in the afternoon, Mitchel. As to this," added the lawyer, carelessly popping the note inside his desk, "it can go into the costs."

But there was to be acting and counteracting. Somewhere about the same hour that Mitchel paid his visit to Mr. Apperly, Richard Ravensbird paid one at Mr. Geoffry Dane's. The latter looked exceedingly surprised to see him, if not annoyed.

"Sir," began Ravensbird, without any circumlocution, "report runs that, now you are the heir, my lord leaves many points of business, relating to the estate, entirely in your hands. I have come to ask your interest and influence to get me accepted as a tenant of the Sailor's Rest."

He spoke fearlessly, not at all as a petitioner, more as though he was making a demand. A remarkably independent man was Richard Ravensbird.

"What! are *you* after the Sailor's Rest?" exclaimed Mr. Dane. "I have heard a dozen names mentioned; but not yours. The man most likely to have it, they say, is Mitchel."

"I have not been after it with a noise, like the rest have, sir; but, as soon as I found it was to let, I spoke privately to Hawthorne. I must do something for a living, and have been looking out ever since I left the castle in the spring."

"Then you don't intend to go to service again?"

"Service!" returned Ravensbird. "Who would engage me, after having been taken up on a charge of murdering my former master? There may be some, Mr. Herbert—I beg your pardon, sir, I ought to say Mr. Dane—who don't yet believe me innocent. Not that that's the reason; I never did intend to enter upon another service, if I left Captain Dane's. The Sailor's Rest is just such a house as I should like: will you help me to it, sir?"

"Ravensbird," said Mr. Dane, not replying to his request, "it appears strange to me that you should remain in Daneshold. You have no ties in it; until you came here with your master you were a stranger to it; had a like cloud fallen upon me, however unjustly, I should be glad to get away from the place."

"No, sir," answered Ravensbird, in a quiet, concentrated tone; "I prefer to stay in it."

"To enter upon the Sailor's Rest will require money," again objected Mr. Dane.

"I am prepared with that. I have not lived to these years without saving up money. *That* won't be the bar—as Hawthorne knows. He has been shilly-shallying, has Hawthorne," continued Ravensbird. "I knew of his intention to leave the house as soon as he did, for he read the letter from Australia to me when it came, lodging with them as I do; and I spoke up at once, and said I would take the house off his hands. He quite jumped at it—was all eagerness to transfer it to me; but in a day or two his tone changed, and he has been vacillating between me and John Mitchel."

"Why did he change? Do you know?"

"Yes; and I have no objection to say," answered Ravensbird. "A crotchet came over him that I might not be an acceptable tenant to my lord, who still wavers as to my guilt or nonguilt."

"My lord does not waver: he believes you guilty," was on the tongue of Geoffry Dane; but he checked the words, and suffered Ravensbird to continue.

"It is scarcely likely that any reasonable man can believe me to have been the assailant, in the face of the sworn alibi, so why should his lordship nourish a prejudice against me? Will you accept me as tenant, Mr. Dane?"

"I have no power to do so: you have taken up a wrong notion altogether. I certainly have transacted business for my uncle, since I have stood, as may be said, in Mr. Geoffry Dane's place; but he has not given me authority to let his houses."

"Will you speak to him for me, sir?"

Mr. Dane hesitated.

"I would speak in a minute, Ravensbird, but I am sure it would be doing no good. Apart from any prejudice he may or may not hold against you, he is one who will not brook interference, even from me."

"You might *try*" persisted the man, "whatever the result should be."

"Will you undertake not to be disappointed at the result? Did it lie with me, it would be a different matter; but it lies entirely with Lord Dane."

There was a pause. Ravensbird stood in silence, as if still awaiting an answer, his piercing eyes never moving from those of Mr. Dane.

"However, as you seem so set upon it, I will speak to his lordship," resumed the latter. "But I must choose my time: it is not every day that he will allow business matters to be so much as named."

"If it is not settled between now and to-morrow night, John Mitchel will have the place," rejoined Ravensbird, almost fiercely.

"Then I will speak to his lordship in the morning," concluded Geoffry Dane.

CHAPTER X.

THE DAMP FLAGS—THE BRIDE COMING HOME.

A junket was being held in the housekeeper's parlor at Dane Castle, by the upper servants, who had invited a few friends to pass the evening. There was nothing very wrong in it: servants like moments of revelry just as much as their betters, and it would be unreasonable to say they should never enjoy them, provided they keep within bounds. Of all people in the world, who should have been smuggled into the castle, one of the guests, but Richard Ravensbird! The servants did not share in the prejudice of their lord: they believed his innocence to be an established fact, and deemed him to be an ill-used man. Perhaps Sophie's eloquent tongue had contributed to help them to this conviction. Wine, and biscuit, and cold punch, and rich cake, and fruit, and even ices were on the table, with other nice things; for the servants of the English nobility know what's good; and laughter and merriment reigned around.

Paying great attention to a smart damsel (smart *there*, and with a face smoothed to smiles, but who was no other than Tiffie) was the valet of Lord Dane—an old beau, who had been in search of a wife (as *he* said) the last ten years, but had not found one to his mind. He was plying Tiffie with wine, cake, and soft speeches, when Mr. Bruff suddenly interrupted the flirtation, and recalled the valet to his duty.

"Is it not time that you should just

stop upstairs, and see if my lord requires any thing?"

"My lord is sure to be sleeping still," was the reply of the valet; "otherwise he would have rung. It's bad for him his going to sleep at dusk, because it spoils his night's rest; but he will yield to it. Besides, my Lady Adelaide is sitting in the room. Let me alone for not neglecting my lord, Mr. Bruff."

"I wonder the young lady likes to pass her evenings in a sick chamber," grunted Tiffie.

"I know why *I* think she chooses it," responded the castle's housekeeper, dropping her voice, "and that's for the sake of company. My lord in his sick-bed is better than none. My opinion is, that she's frightened to sit alone in this great house. What she saw, or what she didn't see, that dreadful night by the ruins, I don't know, but it's certain that nobody was ever so changed in the space of time as is Lady Adelaide"

"My faith!" ejaculated Sophie, jumping out of her chair, "if my lady didn't tell me to take her a shawl, for she felt chill, and that's an hour ago! What's my head worth?"

"And that's another odd thing," continued the housekeeper, as Sophie flew from the room. My young lady's feeling chill, these hot nights, as soon as dusk comes on. Take her altogether, she seems just as if she had some dreadful secret within her to weigh her down."

Sophie had gone from the room quick enough, but not half as quickly as she burst into it, on her return. The assembled party gazed at her in amazement, for she was evidently under the influence of some great terror, which had taken away her self-possession, and turned her face white.

"Who is in the death-room?" she panted.

"The death-room!" echoed Bruff, "why, nobody. It's locked up safe. What superstitious fancy is coming over you now, Mam'selle Sophie?"

"It's not locked up. The door's ajar."

"It is locked up," persisted Bruff. "The key's hanging in my pantry."

"I did not notice the door as I went by it," began Sophie, in explanation, "and my belief is, that it was then shut; otherwise I should never have had courage to go by it, and upstairs into the rooms by myself. But when I came back there, it was ajar. My patience! didn't I scutter on to you, my legs shaking as if they'd drop."

"Of all fanciful creatures, Mam'selle Sophie's the worst—seeing ghosts where there are none," testily exclaimed the butler, who had a prejudice against jokes or tales being passed on the death-room. "The door's no more open than this door's open; and, to convince you, I'll go to my pantry and get the key."

He opened the door as he spoke and departed. Sophie nodding her head after him in scornful incredulity.

"If he finds the key there, I'll eat it," quoth she.

"Did you take the shawl to Lady Adelaide?" questioned the housekeeper.

"What should hinder me, when I went to do it?" returned the saucy Sophie. "My lady was asleep."

"Asleep!"

"Gone off right into a doze in the easy-chair. So I threw the shawl lightly on her knees, and came away."

"And my lord?" put in the valet, "was he asleep still?"

"For all I know. I didn't go as far as the bed. Little doubt that he was asleep, or else he'd have spoken."

At this moment Bruff returned, with a softened step and softened voice, his countenance wearing a look of perplexity.

"It's very odd," cried he, "the key's *not* in the pantry."

"So, it's Sophie that sees ghosts where there are none, and fancies doors open when they're not, and keys are in them when they're safe in their pantries!" retorted that demoiselle upon Bruff, in a tone of aggravation. "Perhaps if you go and look at the death-room, you'll find that it *is* open."

"I am going there," was the reply of Bruff. "That key is under my sole charge, and it is as much as a servant's place is worth, to take it from its hook. Whichever of them has dared to do it, shall pay the penalty."

"I wish you'd allow me to accompiny you, Mr. Bruff," simpered Tiffie. "I have heard much of the death-room in Dane Castle, and have long had a curiosi y to see it."

"There's nothing to see," returned Bruff; "it's a stone room, empty of furniture. But you are welcome to go, if you wish to."

"Will nobody else come?" asked Tiffie, looking round with a simper. "There's safety in numbers you know."

Example is contagious, and every one present rose to follow Tiffie and Bruff, even the scared Sophie.

Sophie was right. The door of the death-room was open—ajar, as she had termed it—and the key in the lock. But not a soul was inside the chamber. Bruff was ready to explode with indignation; that one or more of the under servants had surreptitiously obtained the key, either from the mischievous motive of annoying him, or to awaken superstitious alarm in the castle, he had no doubt, and he determined, if possible, to pounce upon the offenders.

"Why, it's nothing but a big, square dreary room, with high windows, and nothing in it!" ejaculated Tiffie, ranging her eyes around in disappointment.

"I told you there was nothing in it," said the butler. "What did you expect to see?"

Perhaps Tiffie had expected to see something in the middle, upon trestles, for she looked vexed and sour.

"I wouldn't mind going by this here room fifty times over, when the bell was tolling midnight," cried she, with a contemptuous glance at Sophie. "There's nothing here to squawk at. Where does that place lead to?"

"That's a closet," said the butler.

"What's inside of it?" demanded Tiffie.

"A pair of trestles," he replied, in a low tone.

"Oh! Could we have a look at 'em?"

"No, Mrs. Tiffie," he gravely answered. "That closet is never opened but when—when it's needful to open it."

"Well, it's a nasty, cold, dismal place!" retorted Tiffie, "not worth the coming to see. And how damp the floor is!"

The last remark caused them all to cast their eyes downwards, upon the flags. They were damp in places; capriciously damp, one might feel inclined to say; quite wet in parts, quite dry in others.

"What sort of flooring d'ye call this?" inquired Tiffie, when her eyes had taken in the effect. "Some stones give with the damp, and some don't, that is well known, but here the same stone—lots of 'em—is half wet and half dry. And whoever saw flags damp on a hot summer's night, with the weather set in for a regular drought?"

No reply was made to Tiffie. The servants were looking on the floor in ominous dismay, for the superstition relating to it was rife among them.

"It's a sign that this room won't be long without a tenant," whispered the ever-ready Sophie. "My Lord——"

"We have had quite enough nonsense for one night, mam'selle," interposed the butler, taking her sharply up. "My lord's better, and I hope he'll live many a month yet."

"I hope he will," returned the persistent Sophie. "But I have heard the Danes themselves say that this floor doesn't go damp for nothing. Ill-luck seems to be upon the family this year. After the captain and Mr. Geoffry went, I said there'd be another death, making the third——"

"And there was another—my lady's," broke in the irritated butler. "And according to your theory, there it ought to stop. Pray what version would you give us should a fourth take place?" he cynically added.

"A fourth," debated Sophie, "well I should say, if a fourth takes place, it would go on then to six; three and three. But death generally stops with the third."

A smile went round at Sophie's "three and three," but the butler did not vouchsafe further reply. Ravensbird had taken no part in the conversation; his attention had been fully occupied with the apartment.

"I never was here before," he remarked; "and yet the room seems familiar to me. Where, how, and when can I have seen it."

"In a dream, perhaps," suggested Tiffie. "Strange things do come to us in dreams."

There was nothing attractive in the room to detain them, now that their curiosity was gratified, and they filed out of it. Mr. Bruff locked the door, and took possession of the key, with an air which seemed to promise that it did not get out of his keeping again. As he turned from the door, the others being by that time nearly at the end of the long passage, he saw something white gliding swiftly down it. To his intense surprise, he recognized Lady Adelaide. Her face wore a gray hue, and she positively laid hold of Bruff's arm, as if impelled by fear.

"Bruff! Bruff! something's the matter with Lord Dane," she shivered, "He looks—he looks—I don't know how he looks."

"Oh, my lady! you should not have given yourself this trouble. Why did you not ring?"

"I was frightened to remain alone," she whispered. "I dropped asleep, and when I woke, I rose to look at Lord Dane, wondering that he had not spoken or called. He was lying with his mouth open, and his face white and cold; its look terrified me."

"Perhaps he has fainted, my lady. He did have fainting-fits at the commencement of his illness."

"Bruff," she gasped, bursting into tears of nervous agitation, "it—looks—like—death."

Plenty of attendants, male and female, were soon around Lord Dane's bedside, from within the castle or summoned from without. Mr. Wild, the surgeon; Geoffry Dane; and—he had heard the rumor accidentally—Mr. Apperly.

Lord Dane was dead. He had died quietly in his bed without stir or sign, while the Lady Adelaide was in his room, not four yards from him, unconsciously sleeping. She kept shivering as she stood there now with the rest, looking on.

"Can *nothing* be done?" demanded the petrified household, of Mr. Wild.

"Nothing whatever. He has been gone some time. Don't you see that he is already becoming rigid? One comfort is, he went off in his sleep, and did not suffer. I have thought this might probably be the ending."

"Then I wonder you didn't tell him so, Wild," burst forth Mr. Apperly, in a hot tone of reproof. "It was only this very morning his lordship said to me that he was not a subject to go off like the snuff of a candle."

"And why should I tell him? He was prepared for death; he knew it was coming, was very near; wherefore tell him that it might be sudden at the last!"

"No, he was not prepared for death," returned the lawyer in a heat; "not in one sense. He had not settled his affairs."

The announcement took all by surprise. He, Lord Dane, with his protracted illness, not to have settled his affairs! Geoffry Dane smiled incredulously.

"Mr. Apperly, you must be mistaken. My uncle made his will when he was first recovering from his accident."

"I know he did; I drew it up for him; but he had a wife and children then. After they were gone, that will was of little use, and it was canceled. The second will has been drawn up this fortnight past, waiting for the signature. Upon what chance pivots things turn!" broke off the lawyer. "His lordship sent for me this morning, and appointed this afternoon for the execution. Then, feeling fatigued, said he would put it off till eleven o'clock to-morrow. And now he is gone, and the will is worth so much waste paper!"

"Wanting the signature?"

"Wanting the signature," assented Mr. Apperly. "You will be the better for it," he added, looking at Geoffry Dane, "but others will be the worse. It's a dangerous habit, is procrastination; I don't know anything I dislike more."

"My lord, do you remain in the castle?" inquired the housekeeper, as they were beginning to desert the chamber.

Some of them started and looked at her. They thought she spoke to the dead lord who lay there. But no; she was addressing Geoffry, now Lord Dane.

"Yes," he replied, "it will, I suppose, be better that I should."

Ere the words had well left his lips, his eyes fell on Lady Adelaide—on her look of embarrassment and her glow of color.

"Not to-night, however," he added, turning to the housekeeper. "I will see about arrangements to-morrow."

In the corridor Adelaide encountered Mr. Lester, who had that instant arrived, Tiffie having carried home the news of Lord Dane's sudden death. Without allowing herself time for reflection, for thought, she spoke words that came uppermost in the impulse of the moment:

"What am I to do now? where can I go? I will not remain in the castle, now Geoffry Dane is its master."

"My dearest Adelaide, why this emotion? In a few days you know that you will be leaving it for another home—I hope a happier one."

"But for those few days? I cannot be the guest of Geoffry Dane! And how can the marriage take place, right upon Lord Dane's funeral?" was her impulsive retort.

Mr. Lester paused before he spoke.

"There is one way, Adelaide, by which to solve the difficulty, if you will consent. Be mine to-morrow. We can be married in private in this drawing-room."

The proposition nearly took away what little sense Lady Adelaide at the moment possessed. She made no reply.

"The license, which I already have, is special, so on that score there will be no impediment," pleaded Mr. Lester. "Adelaide, my darling, let it be so! Give me a legal right to protect you in this emergency. I know that Lord Dane, could he be a party to my petition, would urge it as strenuously as I am doing."

"But—to leave the place at this moment—to go on a marriage journey while he is lying dead—what will the world say?"

"We can dispense with the journey, Adelaide. You must quit this house and come to mine. See you not that it is the better—nay, almost the only plan to adopt, under the unhappy circumstances?"

"Oh, I do not know! It is so sudden, and I am too bewildered to give proper deliberation to it. Let it rest till morning; I shall be more collected then."

As Geoffry Dane—Lord Dane from henceforth — was departing from the castle, there stepped forth Richard Ravensbird. It appeared as though he had waited outside for the purpose.

"I must ask your pardon for interrupting you, my lord, at such a moment, especially on business," he began.

"Well," said Lord Dane.

"And I should not have thought of doing so, but I find there's not an hour to be lost. It's about the Sailor's Rest, my lord. John Mitchel has been announcing that he has agreed with Mr. Apperly for the lease, subject to the consent of Lord Dane. *You* are Lord Dane now, my lord."

There was a peculiar significance in the tone of Ravensbird as he spoke the concluding sentence; a bold, independent, almost a demanding tone. Was it possible that that Lord Dane failed to remark it?

"And you think I can grant you the lease?"

"Yes, my lord. And I hope you will."

"Enough, for to-night," curtly responded Lord Dane. "This is certainly not the moment for the discussion of business matters."

Ravensbird respectfully touched his hat, and strode away quietly towards Danesfield. Lord Dane also proceeded in the same direction, but at a slower pace. As he was turning towards his own house, he heard footsteps behind, and found they were Mr. Apperly's, who had remained in the castle a few minutes longer than himself.

"A dreadfully sad and sudden event, my lord," cried the lawyer. "And to think that he should not have signed the will!"

"It has shocked me much," replied Lord Dane, turning upon him his pale face—unnaturally pale it looked in the starlight—"although we could not expect him to be much longer with us."

"I shall require instruction from your lordship upon different points," returned Mr. Apperly. "When will it be convenient——"

"I shall be at the castle to-morrow at ten," interrupted Lord Dane. "Meet me there. And meanwhile, until I shall have gone into things, let any little business matter you may have in hand, relating to the estate, rest in abeyance. Granting leases, or anything of that sort."

"Very good, my lord. Not that anything much is in hand just now. There's that trifling affair of the Sailor's Rest; Hawthorne and Mitchel both want it got over as speedily as pens can trace parchment. Lord Dane had no objection to Mitchel as its tenant; your lordship, I conclude, will have none."

"Lord Dane's death puts a stop to negotiations for the present," was the somewhat sharp answer. "Let everything, I say, remain in abeyance."

Mr. Apperly nodded acquiescence, wished the new peer good-night, and left him.

"He'll be a martinet, unless I am mistaken," was his parting thought.

It was dusk, and the following evening—nay, dark, as dark as we get the summer nights, when ten o'clock is drawing on. Miss Bordillion was seated alone in the handsome drawing-room of Danesheld Hall, her head running upon many things. A shadow of relief—it would be wrong to call it hope—had arisen in her heart since she heard of Lord Dane's death, for she deemed that it would undoubtedly put the wedding off for some weeks, if not longer, and there was no immediate necessity to worry her poor sad brain over her own plans for the future.

She was interrupted by the approach of a carriage, which was coming hastily towards the hall. It surprised her. They were expecting no visitors, and it was an unusual hour for visitors to come unexpected. As it swept round the drive, past the windows, she thought she recognized it for Mr. Lester's own chariot, and she wondered, for she had not observed him go out in it. One of the servants bustled in hurriedly to light the chandelier and the mantel-piece branches.

"Has your master been out," she inquired of the man. "I thought he was at the castle."

"He has not been elsewhere, I believe, ma'am. This is him coming from the castle now."

The man retired. A few moments and the door was thrown open by another servant to give admission to Mr. Lester and Lady Adelaide. Miss Bordillion rose from her seat, gazing at Adelaide. Had it been the Queen of England who entered, it could not have caused her more intense astonishment. She stood as one petrified.

"How do you do, Miss Bordillion?"

She held out her hand, while Mr. Lester was taking her shawl from her shoulders, and Margaret touched it mechanically, in utter amazement. Lady Adelaide wore an evening-dress of white silk, plain, save for a little lace on its body and sleeves, a pearl necklace, white gloves, and no bonnet. Round the plait of her hair behind was a small wreath of flowers. Had Miss Bordillion looked closely, she would have seen that they were orange-blossoms. But she was too bewildered to look or to think. Why should Lady Adelaide have come there, then, in evening dress? Why should she have laid aside her deep mourning? The true cause never was so much as glanced at by the unhappy Margaret.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW THE ANGLO-SAXONS RISE.

The growth of Australia is almost as great a phenomenon as the growth of the United States. There seems to be a vigor in the Anglo-Saxon breed that triumphs over all obstacles, whether physical, political or moral. Twenty-five years ago New Holland, as Australia and New Zealand were designated, were dotted with penal settlements, and its white population was only two hundred and forty thousand. The outcast and condemned criminal classes of Great Britain were thrown upon its shores. There is now a population of two millions of prosperous Britons. Instead of little habitable land, as was then supposed, one-third of its surface (which comprises an estimated area of three million square miles) is fit for cultivation. It has thousands of miles of railroad, and is no longer a penal colony. The descendants of some of the old convicts occupy such high positions that, as a contemporary remarks, it is dangerous to ask in the best society who a man's father was. Our own pilgrim fathers were poor, but in general honest, whereas the pilgrim fathers of Australia seem to have "left their country for their country's good," and as it turns out, for their own, too.

The population of Australia is nearly as large as that of this country in the great rebellion of 1776, but its wealth is said to be ten times as great. It produces large quantities of gold, agricultural products and manufactured wares, and next to Hindostan is said to be England's most profitable colony. It has lines of steamships plying between it and Europe, and is now opening lines of communication with California. The progress of the English-speaking race in America and Australia seems to justify the prediction of the late M. Paradol, French minister to the United States, that the Anglo-Saxon would at length become the dominating population of the globe.

A more important truth than this, and one of more universal interest, has been added by the experience of Australia to the philosophy of history. It is that even an inheritance of crime may be overcome by opportunities to live a new life, and by increased physical comforts. There is no penitentiary in the land which contains more desperate convicts than those cast out from England upon the shores of Australia. It is the moral change, far more than the material, which is the striking and encouraging past in Australian progress. And yet this truth has been more than once illustrated before in human history. Macaulay says that the early inhabitants of Briton itself were little superior to the natives of the Sandwich Islands. The demonstration of the element of recuperation in the most savage and depraved characters must be of profound and practical interest, and of cheering augury to all who labor and hope for the reformation of the criminal classes and the general advancement of mankind.

WOMEN IN WAR.

Those who imagine that women are only capable of distinguishing themselves in the arts of peace, and that, while displacing men in medicine and at the bar, they will be obliged to leave military pursuits to the coarser sex, should read the account of women who have served in the French army, published in a recent number of the *Revue Illustree des Deux Mondes*. The most remarkable of these heroines was Therese Sutter, who distinguished not more for bravery than for her freedom of speech, received from the first consul the flattering nickname of "Sans-gene." The volubility and emphasis with which she "apostrophized" Napoleon at the siege of Toulon made such an impression on the great chief that he reminded her of it years afterward, when he was Emperor and she still a dragoon. Indeed, the ready command of invective for which Therese Sutter was famous throughout her career would seem to suggest that nature had intended her to wear the robe of the advocate rather than the uniform of the soldier. But she was as skillful and daring in the use of the sword as in that of her own sharp tongue; for which reason, when the Committee of Public Safety published a decree banishing women from the armies of the Republic, a special exception was made in favor of Therese. After five years' service she retired from the army with a pension of 200 francs; but the monotony of a peaceful existence told severely upon her. She became once more a dragoon, and from 1805 to 1810 served with her regiment in Spain. In 1810 she was taken prisoner by guerrillas and sent to Lisbon, whence she made her way back, through England to France. She was present at Waterloo, and did not retire until after the Restoration.

COMMON SENSE.—Many, if not most, of the evils which the impatient and irritated sufferer charges to his ill-fortune, to accident, to the misconduct of others, to the injustice or neglect of the world, will be found, when honestly traced to their true source, to have arisen from a defect in the person himself—*to his own want of common sense*. Yet this is the last deficiency any one suspects in himself. Men will acknowledge that they are not learned—that they are not witty—that they have not genius. To be told that they have not *common sense* would offend or astonish the dullest or most humble. Common sense is assuredly the most rare, as it is the most useful faculty which man can possess. What is this common sense which is so freely and unceremoniously claimed by every one as a natural inheritance? It is the judgment of a sound, clear understanding, neither deceived by false appearances, nor distorted by passion or prejudice. It views *things as they are*, stripped of accidental circumstances, and is misled by no delusion.

FRIENDSHIP is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life.

FACETIÆ.

SHADES OF NIGHT—Window curtains.

SHEET MUSIC—children crying in bed.

A NOOSE-PAPER—A marriage certificate.

THE PATH OF DUTY—Through the custom house.

THE CAUSE OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE—Scarcity of husbands.

WHAT portions of the body are the best travelers?—The two wrists.

WHAT is that which, by losing an eye has only a nose left? A noise.

A MAN in New York advertises for a lady with "blue eyes dressed in black."

THE fellow who asked for a lock of his sweetheart's hair was informed that "it costs money, hair does."

OLD LADY—"Is this a smoking carriage?" Fellow (inside)—"No, marm; if you want to smoke you must go higher up."

THE hair from a ladies' braid should never be worn on the lapel of a gentleman's coat, unless the parties are engaged.

A PRINTER'S devil says his lot is a hard one: at his boarding house they charge him with all the pie they *can't* find, and at the office his employer charges him with all the pi they *do* find.

PROBABLY no characteristic of the female mind is better developed than the docility with which women accept the fashions of the day. Be they beautiful or hideous, becoming or unbecoming, comfortable or torturing, they are the "fashion" and must be worn.

"WHO is that statue of?" asked a lady of her husband, pointing to an Apollo.

"The Apollo Belvidere."

"Law! how affectionate you are, my love! And now, darling, who was Apollo Belvy?"

An explanation on pronunciation followed.

"WHERE was Bishop Latimer burned to death?" asked a teacher in a commanding voice.

"Joshua knows," said a little girl at the bottom of the class.

"Well," said the teacher, "if Joshua knows, he may tell."

"In the fire," replied Joshua, looking very grave and wise.

"Yes, you may come again next Sunday evening, George, dear, but"—and she hesitated.

"What is it, darling? Have I given you pain?" he asked, as she still remained silent.

"You didn't mean to, I'm sure," she responded, "but next time please don't wear one of those collars with the points turning outward; they scratch so."

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

REBUS.

I reign where dire foes meet in battle array,
And the banner of strife is unfurl'd;
Yet a strange thing am I, take one letter away—
I'm the merriest thing in the world.

MARIANNE.

PUZZLE.

What word of three syllables, the first syllable of which contain both male and female, represents a great man and an extraordinary woman?

ENIGMA.

I never was, but always am to be;
None ever saw me—you may never see;
And yet I am the confidence of all
Who live and breathe on this terrestial ball.
The miser hopes I shall increase his wealth;
The sick man prays me to restore his health;
The lover trusts me for his destined bride;
And all who hopes and wishes have beside,
Now name me, but confide not, for believe
That you and every one I still deceive.

A. DUNN.

2.

Great changes oft take place in this vast world;
The lowly rise—the lofty down are hurl'd;
E'n mighty empires fall into decay,
And riches, glory, splendor pass away!
Man should affliction bear with all his might,
And learn to think "Whatever is, is right."
I and my comrade, placed in stations low,
Have oft been lost on mount of ice and snow.
We also have had many ups and downs,
In ancient cities and in borough towns;
Yet none e'er heard us sigh, or utter groans,
Quiet we lie all night, as mill or stones;
And though unlike an ostrich (which for supper,
Will swallow iron or a rusty crupper,)
At morn we're squeezed and stuffed with bone and nails,
Of no more nutriment to us than flails;
But food lies undigested, e'er so small,
And every night we're forced to disgorge all!
One therefore might suppose us very thin;
And so we are, in fact, scarce aught but skin!

W. M. BENNETT.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 3, Vol. 55.]

ANSWERS TO "OUR OWN SPHINX." No. 48, Vol. 54.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—

A	marant H
B	agpipe E
E	the L
L	azarett O
A	lkal I
R	adiu S
D	actyl E

Abelard and Heloise.

CURTAILMENT.—Pang-pan. 2. Slope-slop. 3. Soothe, sooth, soot.

METAGRAMS.—Ass, bass, lass, pass, mass. 2. Beat, feat, peat, seat, neat. 3. Bay, day, hay, lay, pay, way, say.

ADDITIONALS.—1. Our, hour. 2. Abel, Mabel. 3. Corn, acorn. 4. Base, abase. 5. Roach, broach. 6. Race, grace. 7. Lax, ilax. 8. A sin, basin.

PALINDROME.—Noon.

DOWN THE SHADOWED LANE.

Down the shadowed lane she goes,
And her arms are laden
With the woodbine and wild rose—
Happy little maiden!
Sweetly, sweetly doth she sing
As the lark above her:
Surely every living thing
That has seen must love her.

As she strayed and as she sung,
Happy little maiden,
Shadowy lanes and dells among,
With wild flowers laden,
Chanced a bonny youth that way,
For the lanes were shady;
She dropped one wee flower, they say,
Did this little lady.

Dropped a flower, so they say;
Dropped, and never missed it;
And the youth, alack-a-day!
Picked it up and kissed it.
Now in sweet land wanderings,
With love flowers laden,
With her love she strays and sings,
Happy little maiden!

SPOKES FROM THE HUB.

BUNKER HILL CENTENNIAL.

BOSTON, June 17, 1875.

DEAR POST:—Hurrah! Huzza! Hark! The day has come, ushered in with ringing of bells, the heavy boom, boom of cannon, the early smoke of holiday fires rising from the chimnies of enthusiastic and patriotic Hubites, and the incessant, nervous crack of the torpedo, thrown by the early bird in the shape of embryo Washingtons, Warrens, etc. Flags are fluttering from the public buildings, are mingled with the green of the parks, Public Gardens, and Commons, are flung out from every old-clothes and junk shop, each bearing some appropriate inscription, or flaming in the glory of some advertisement. Old South Church is wreathed with the red, the white, the blue; and the inscription on its wall, giving the date of its desecration by the British, has been read by thousands this week, and before the last fire-cracker ceases to pop to-night, will have received the scrutiny of hundreds of thousands of curious optics.

Across Washington street, in a certain place, a certain piece of striped cloth is hung. It bears several inscriptions. "The North and South in one common brotherhood," being one; and another, "Vive, vive, old Md. in unison with us. For old Mass. greets you as a sister State." To one side of this is a dove with an olive leaf in its bill, properly emblazoned, but on a rather small rag. A building on the corner of Washington and School streets is made to blow its trumpet, and it boasts of being one of the oldest in the city. It was erected in the reign of Queen Anne, 1712. There goes torpedo after torpedo! What music, what inspiration in their crack! We can wait no longer; we must stop writing, and begin on the important business of fortifying ourself against the struggle of to-day. Hurrah! huzza! buzza! hurra!

Well, the seventeenth is over, for us at least, and ar'n't we glad? Now we'll tell who and what we saw, and how and where we spent it.

We had intended to go first upon Columbus avenue, see the procession; then from there to the Public Gardens, and from there to Charlestown and the historic hill. That was our programme. We intended to fulfil it to the letter. We had some misgivings concerning the loyalty of our boots, as they had been inclined to pinch us outrageously. We proposed to do thusly; and here is what we did. After washing our portion of mystery down our throat with a coffee-cup of strong gunpowder—tea, we trigged ourself, took our umbrella, our green note book, our black pencil, and started. Our boots hurt us.

We promenaded along until chance brought us to Union street. Here on the corner of this street and Tremont was an arch. On it were these words. You may translate the Latin:

"Bunker Hill—*In hoc Signo Vinces*—Yorktown. Welcome to the Richmond Commandery."

After noting the decorations here, they were worth noting, we went on until we reached The Avenue. Here was the wily speculator, turning the patriotism of his fellow-sufferers into pennies for himself. "Here's your programme, giving the whole route of procession. Every one should have one, and ten cents settles the bill." Our boots grew uneasy.

The people on the avenue had flung their starred and striped emblems forth with a lavish hand. Everything was tinged, or draped, or arranged in the true American style. Commanding a good view of the procession, were seats occupied by Sunday-school teachers and white-robed scholars. At the windows of dwellings, and upon the temporary seats placed in front over the steps, were gay, chatting, expectant people. On the sidewalks, and in the street, a crowd paced, in unsatisfied restlessness, up and down, round and round, over and across. And the torpedoes still kept cracking, and our boots sent premonitory pangs through our devoted pedals.

No procession as yet. An occasional diversion in the form of a half dozen or more mounted police, or some band of processionists hastening to their post. At length the bugle sounded, the drums beat, and on they come.

Now concerning

THE PROCESSION.

We do not propose to serve it all up for your edification. We don't want to. Too tedious; and besides we might get some of it slightly "mixed." What struck us most forcibly, and what we really saw and appreciated, will render this article sufficiently, if not entirely too long. All parts of the procession were ably and admirably arranged. We shall notice a few of the distinguishing features. A prominent one was

BEN BUTLER.

The wily Benjamin won for himself rounds and rounds of applause by one of his master-strokes. There was not very much of an indication, until he removed his hat and bowed to left and right with all the grace and condescension of a first-class prince. Then the hurrahs came thick and fast, and the handkerchiefs and flags were shaken on all sides. Ah, B. B. knows a thing or two, he does. His cheek is all right. It pays him.

GENERAL SHERMAN

was received with great heartiness. This is the first opportunity we ever enjoyed of seeing the great chief, and we were glad to find that he looks so very much like a picture purporting to be a likeness of him, mounted on a fiery steed, and waving his sword. We saw that in the days of long ago, and were truly rejoiced to find our memory so retentive.

GOVERNOR HARTRANFT,

of Pennsylvania, was greeted with a perfect outburst. "Three cheers for Gover-

nor Hartranft!" "Hartranft! Hartranft! Hurrah for Hartranft!" It was a fine time to look down the avenue at this juncture, and see the shouting, surging crowd, thousands strong.

A scene was presented during the march that would have charmed the eye and cheered the heart of a Quaker, or a Peace Commissioner—when the gray and the blue blent their colors in rejoicing over our present prosperity. Ah, truly charity is a great, a cardinal virtue.

VICE-PRESIDENT WILSON

was also the recipient of long and vociferous cheering. We think the New Englanders have strong lungs. At any rate they didn't seem to be weak. Though once in a while some one would commence on a grand cheer, and break into a quiver, or a silence about the middle. But such things will happen.

One more name and then we sha'n't mention any more of the many, very many whom we saw, and who are decidedly worthy. This last is

MAJOR PIKE,

of Manchester, New Hampshire, leader of a cornet band. He isn't an Apollo for facial beauty, but he has a splendid figure, and is just as graceful as you can imagine in the handling of his baton. If they didn't cheer him, we are no judge of noise, that's all. But when

THE NEW YORK SEVENTH

appeared, the spectators went wild. Shouts from thousands of throats rose in a deafening peal, and the eloquent though silent demonstrations of hats, handkerchiefs and flags attested to the general enthusiasm.

The Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and other regiments, were all received with great impressment.

THE MINUTE MEN, THE ANCIENTS AND HONORABLES,

and all ye representatives of "ye olden tyme" were very interesting to look upon, in their different and antique costumes, their primitive powder-horns, their flint-locks and their queues.

We must not omit mentioning the fine appearance and admirable movements of the High School boys.

Then there was in the way of antiquities and curiosities the carriage in which

LAFAYETTE

rode at the time of his reception in Boston in 1824.

AN OLD QUEEN'S ARM,

in a state of solid rust, was borne along. A placard announced that its date was

1736,

and that it was taken from Fort Point.

Another part of the programme, and one which should have been sooner spoken of, was

THE ORDER OF UNITED MECHANICS.

It received a grand demonstration.

THE TRADES

were largely and appropriately represented. Among the best we shall limit ourselves to a few.

THE LAUNDRY

was caricatured by a covered wagon in which two ladies of color, in turbans, were, one washing, the other ironing.

THE LEATHER COMPANIES

displayed a card, "There's nothing like leather." No one doubts that, we presume.

Then

THE FLORISTS.

Their design was elegant. It consisted of a large wagon. In the front was an eagle. The interior was filled with palm trees and baskets of tropical fruits. Six children tastefully dressed in white, and two men, the latter and two of the children wearing enormous straw hats, were seated under the shade of the palms. It was a very pretty sight.

A great many more passed, and then the cry arose, "That's all!" We were glad to hear it, and started for home, as it was nearly four o'clock, and we had dined upon nothing but Centennial, and that is not very filling. But no; the streets were thronged with teams and men impatiently waiting for their turn to "move on."

As we were making a note of a huge brick oven, represented by canvas painted, and carried by one of the bakecarts, one of the men of flour looked at us very pleasantly and said, in a tone as dry as a week-old doughnut:

"Put us down as left—left and sold."

Further on we espied the lager beer crew, with an enormous hogshead, enthroned upon which was a gray-haired, red-faced, silver-bearded Bacchus, or alderman, or Dutch burgomaster, we couldn't determine which. Guarding this precious individual were several knights, clad in what looked like steel armor, but which we suspect was something far less impregnable.

As we entered our own street, we found it filled with printing presses, telegraph offices, etc., all on wheels, of course, all waiting for their turn. Just by our door was a wagon filled with something or other, we don't just remember what now, but on its side was hung a robe with a picture of a buffalo. One of the men in the wagon, seeing our note-book, inquired if we didn't want to take his photograph. We replied that he had been there plenty long enough for it to be taken. Then the other one, pointing to the pictured buffalo, said:

"That's the famous Buffalo Bill, and"—pointing to a man on a near wagon—"that's the man who killed him."

We went in then and reflected how strange it was that one Yankee should wish to so mislead another, and should think that it was an easy matter to do.

The memory which will be most pleasing, and which we shall retain the longest, was the splendor in which marching troops, with their bayonets glittering in the sun, burst upon our view as they swept round the corner of Columbus avenue to the inspiring notes of the fife, the drum and bugle.

Hurra! hurra! hurra!

There were great doings over in Charlestown, and gorgeous illuminations in the evening, but we didn't get any farther, for, oh! our boots! our boots!

We haven't given you any account of the number of troops. We haven't detailed anything in the order in which it occurred. We haven't told you the half we wished to. But we must stop. This article cannot have any more tacked to it. We will leave the remainder and summing up for correspondents of a more statistical and mathematical turn of mind.

E. L. BENTON.

THE danger of our present period of transition is that theory should expect too much, and that practice should do little in the amelioration of the condition of the people.

FOUGHT WITH HER OWN WEAPONS.

BY E. H. H.

She was a lovely little girl, possessing a *petite* form, with dark hair, banded back in massive shining braids from a classically-outlined face, and sloe-black eyes, that were usually luminous with mischievous mirth.

But ah! how I loved her, and how many heartaches I endured from her love of coquetry!

Verily, I believe the spirit of mischief reigns supreme in jetty eyes and midnight tresses.

I met her first at the house of a mutual friend, where we were both visiting during the sultry August days; but we were not the only guests, for the house was filled, almost to overflowing, with a merry company, who made the spacious old mansion ring with their gay laughter and witty repartee.

Annie Sheldon, the bewitching little lady whom I have attempted to describe, was in nowise behindhand in contributing her share towards the general amusement.

When the shouts of laughter were the merriest, and the applause the loudest, it was generally called forth by some sly drollery or *apropos* retort of hers.

In front of the house spread a broad, grassy lawn, dotted here and there by a mound of brilliant-hued flowers, or a rustic urn filled with emerald mosses and graceful clinging ivy.

And here was the croquet-ground, and here for hours, daily, I was chained, together with my hapless brothers in misfortune, while the young ladies amused themselves by driving the balls about in the most heartless manner, totally regardless of what old "Æsop" so wisely observes, "Let play be play to all concerned."

Annie, as if to aggravate me, invariably ranged herself on the side of my opponents, and appeared to take a malicious pleasure in my evident annoyance thereat.

After an unusually vicious stroke, which would send my unlucky ball flying to the farthermost extremity of the ground, she would watch me with a merry twinkle in her eyes as, under the scorching August sun, I industriously loitered after it and replaced it within the limits, though often, I must acknowledge, with a flushed face and an irrepressible feeling of irritation.

Her side invariably won the game, for she was a good player and perfectly at her ease; while I, though usually considered a fine player also, could never make a respectable stroke with her dark eyes bent upon me, rendering me nervous to the last degree.

Then, when she had triumphed, she would assume a bewitching air of regret and penitence, and make herself so agreeable, that I could not help forgiving the girl, and finding myself more hopelessly in love than ever.

But it was not only in the game of croquet that she delighted to tantalize me.

No, it was always so.

If we made up a party to go rowing on the bright river which bounded on one side the grounds of our hostess, and by any chance I was so fortunate as to secure her as a companion, she would lean listlessly and silently back in one end of the boat, and, dipping her white hand in the water, watch me furtively from beneath her dusky eyelashes; but to all my attempts at conversation reply in discouraging monosyllables.

But notwithstanding her strange, almost unaccountable behavior, there were times when she greeted my approach with smiles, and was so affable and charming, that I knew it was no personal dislike to myself which influenced her, but only an inordinate love of mischief and coquetry.

However, matters could not continue in this way forever.

What with her numberless flirtations and caprices, I was becoming desperate; so, loving her as I did, I determined to win her at all hazards, and also, if possible, cure her of her terrible propensity for flirting, for I knew that however much I might be attached to her, I could never be really happy with a flirt as my wife.

I decided to try her first with her own weapon, flirtation, and at once became quite cool and distant in my conversation to her, and very assiduous in my attentions to Jennie Benson, a blue-eyed, golden-haired little beauty, and a most consummate flirt, who met my advances fully half way.

Annie did not seem to be pleased at the loss of her would-be devoted cavalier.

I noticed that she did not appear quite as lively and spirited as formerly, but would sit, even when surrounded by her merry friends, absorbed in serious thought.

Often, if I glanced at her from where I sat, beside the sprightly Jennie, I would surprise her eyes fixed upon me with a half-wondering, half-reproachful expression in their midnight depths.

I would not relent, and, appearing not to notice her, would continue the merry badinage with my companion.

But Annie did not flirt as outrageously as she had formerly done, and I inwardly congratulated myself upon the success of my stratagem.

One day, as I sat in the pleasant sunlit parlor, chatting gladly with my new "flame," I noticed a very beautiful ring that she wore, and begged for a closer inspection.

It was a large emerald, surrounded by a row of brilliant diamonds, a combination I always admired. She at once slipped it off, and handed it to me, smilingly remarking that it was a birthday gift from a favorite cousin.

"Ah!" I replied, "cousins are serious things sometimes, Miss Jennie, especially when they happen to be gentlemen."

She blushed, and candidly replied:

"To tell the honest truth, Mr. Hammond, it is a gentleman cousin, and a very dear one, too; so dear that, six months from this very day, I intend to change my name for his. There! is my confession a very great surprise, sir?"

I acknowledged that it was not, as, from several remarks she had made, I had already concluded that she was engaged; and said in conclusion:

"Although I am not fortunate enough to be able to claim a cousinship, I should be much pleased to replace your ring with a wish."

Silently she extended her hand, and, taking it, I was about to slip the ring upon her finger, when a slight rustle caused me to raise my eyes, and there, in the doorway that connected the parlor with the library, stood Annie Sheldon, looking at us with a mingled expression of grief, contempt and astonishment.

The next instant she turned, and, with a gesture of infinite scorn swept away, and directly I heard the hall door close after her.

This was an event I had not anticipated.

I knew that as Annie had seen me in the very act of placing a ring on her supposed rival's finger, she would at once infer, and naturally enough, too, that it was the seal of our engagement.

This knowledge made me very uneasy. I tried various excuses to free myself from my companion, and finally succeeded.

I hurried through the cool hall, and entered the fragrant little garden.

I glanced hastily around, but could see no trace of Annie; and then suddenly I remembered a favorite haunt of hers, a rustic bench at the foot of a sturdy oak, from which the ground sloped gradually to the river's bank below, and from which, glancing to the east, one commanded a superb view.

So I plunged in among the trees, and hastened along the shady wood path, glancing to the right and left as I went, in hopes of catching a glimpse of her fluttering white robes.

But I saw nothing of her until I came in sight of her favorite resort, and there, as I surmised, she sat; but her face was buried in her hands, while her whole attitude betokened the deepest grief.

I crept softly to her side, and then, by her low, suppressed sobs, I knew that she was weeping; and ah! how I reproached myself then for my cruelty!

Tenderly I threw my arms around her, and said, as quietly as my excitement would allow me:

"What is the matter, Annie, my darling? Will you not let me comfort you?"

She started at my touch, and the accompanying sound of my voice, but did not raise her head, and I continued:

"Won't you tell me, Annie? Won't you give me the right to share your grief?" I cried passionately.

Thrusting me from her, she started to her feet, and drawing herself to her full height, exclaimed angrily, although the bright tears yet sparkled in her eyes:

"Is it that you wish to insult me, Paul Hammond, that you, the accepted lover of another, speak such words to me? Or have you followed me only to reproach me for being a listener to your love-making! If the latter, I can assure you it was entirely unintentional," and her lips curled.

"Far from it," I cried hastily. "I am here to tell you that I love, adore you, and to ask you to give me this precious little hand, to be my own forever?" And I pressed it to my lips.

But she snatched it away, laughing scornfully, and, I thought, rather hysterically, as she replied:

"I am not one to be satisfied with second love, Mr. Hammond; I must be first or nothing; but, even were I content to take a secondary place, what would Miss Benson think of my acceptance of her recreant lover?"

"Miss Benson! She is nothing to me, and never will be, and more than that, she is already engaged; my darling, it is you I love, and you only I will wed."

Still she hesitated, and said, doubtingly:

"But what did you mean by giving her a ring? For you did—I saw you!"

But I laughed gaily, and, boldly drawing her yielding form to my side, replied:

"All that I can explain to your entire satisfaction, fair lady mine, if you will say just once, 'I love you, Paul, and will marry you.'"

And I prisoned her face between my hands.

She struggled an instant, and then, finding resistance useless, pouted:

"Well, then, I love you, torment, and so I suppose I shall marry you some day; and now tell me about that ring; but remember, sir, if your explanation is not satisfactory, I withdraw my consent."

So I acknowledged my deceit; and that I finally convinced her of my fealty to herself no one would doubt who could see us, at this moment, in our own happy home.

While I write, she leans over my shoulder, and laughingly says, that "she is pleased to see that, at last, I am willing to confess what a deceitful creature I was, although she trusts that, under her careful teaching, I have since improved vastly in that respect."

And I think so too, for, in our cheerful, cozy little home, I have now no reason to wish to "cure a coquette with her own weapons."

AMERICAN INVENTIONS.

President Barnard, of Columbia College, who may justly be entitled to speak regarding the character of American industry, and the value of her inventions as compared with those of other countries, in a recent address notices the achievements made by Americans in the several departments of mechanics and applied science as follows: "There is hardly an industry to the progress of which we have not largely contributed. The cotton-gin, without which the machine-spinner and the power-loom would be helpless, is American. The power-shuttle, which permits an unlimited enlargement of the breadth of the web, is American. The planing-machine is American. Navigation by steam is American. The mower and reaper are American. The rotary printing-presses are American. The hot-air engine is American. The sewing-machine is American. The machine manufacture of wool-cards is American. The whole India-rubber industry is American. The hand-saw, originated, I believe, in America. The machine manufacture of horseshoes is American. The sand-blast is American. The gauge-lathe is American. The only successful composing-machine for printers is American. The grain-elevator is American. The artificial manufacture of ice, which you saw exhibited here two years ago under the name of the Carre process, was originally invented by Professor Alexander S. Twining, an American. The electro-magnet was invented, and immediately after its invention was first practically applied in transmitting telegraphic signals, by Professor Joseph Henry, an American. The telegraphic instrument introduced a few years later into public use, and which has since obtained universal acceptance, was invented by Professor Samuel F. B. Morse, an American." To this worthy list we are induced to add the duplex and quadruplex system of telegraphy, than which the history of mechanical progress knows no greater triumph.

DECEIT and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are, in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness.

A TERRIBLE MOMENT.

BY E. W. P.

Yes, terrible—that is just what it was I shall never forget, even should I live to one of those wondrous ages at times recorded in the papers. Moreover, it was not a thing for a man to forget. Many events may slip from our mind, but never that moment when we stand on the brink of the grave, brought thither by the probability of an awful death.

It happened in this way. I had been in Australia for about five years, during which time I had amassed a tolerable fortune, when I began to long to see the old country again—a desire considerably strengthened by the fact that the girl I loved, and who had consented to be my wife, was going to England, and I could not bear the thought of such an extent of ocean between us; so I determined to go too, and let our marriage take place there.

May Brodstone was the only daughter of a well-to-do squatter, and the prettiest, nicest girl for miles round the station, though, until I had become acquainted with her, rather fond of a bit of girlish flirtation. This was the worse for me, as it turned out.

Among her many admirers was one Jacob Kiel. Dark-haired, dark-eyed, dark-complexioned, he was of that class of men who feel strongly, and who never forget an injury—like wild cats, they are ugly customers to offend. Well, May, I fear, had flirted somewhat with Jacob Kiel, who, I really believe, loved the very ground she walked on, though she declared—and I knew it was true—that she had never given him the slightest hope.

It was about this time that I appeared upon the scene; and she discovered that she had found the right man, as I had found the right girl. May Brodstone instantly gave up all her admirers, was as steady and quiet as a gum-tree when no wind blows, and finally said the "Yes" upon which my happiness depended.

Old Mr. Brodstone knew that the match would be a good one, and readily gave his consent, so that our engagement was soon made public. I was present when the news reached Jacob Kiel. I shall never forget his face. His lips were compressed, his dark eyes contracted; he looked from May to me, and I felt that, if ever he could, he would do me mischief. Without a syllable he quitted the place. A strange sensation ran through me as he departed; and May told me that a cold shudder had run through her veins.

We did not see much of Kiel after this, though we knew he was often about the station upon business; but the man somehow threw a kind of shadow over May's and my happiness, and we were not at all sorry when we got on board the steamer and steamed towards Old England. We had not, however, got clear out of sight of land when May, giving a little cry, put her hand on my arm, and, slightly nodding her head towards the lower deck, said:

"Oh, Edward, look—he is here too!"

And so he was. Leaning quietly over the side, watching the land apparently, was Jacob Kiel—a passenger for England, like ourselves. I will own that I was considerably annoyed, though when May, drawing nearer, exclaimed, in a low, startled voice, "Edward, dear, I don't know how it is, but I dread that man—I cannot divest my mind of the thought that he means us harm," I laughed, and tried to banish so absurd an idea. And certainly it appeared I had every right to do so. Save by a casual interchange of a few words, Kiel never troubled us; and we were making a capital journey, when, just as we were within twenty degrees of the line, we were struck by a hurricane, which the captain declared was almost a cyclone in violence.

The vessel could not weather it. The masts crushed overboard, taking several of the crew with them, and, before the wreck could be cut adrift, a portion of the broken spars, dashing against the ship, had caused a leak below the water-line, and the cry was—"We are sinking! Lower the boats—the pumps are useless!"

The boats were rapidly lowered and filled, while, thank Heaven, the storm seemed to abate. The women went first, of course, and all was proceeding well, when, just as the last boat was being filled, I remembered that in my hurry I had left my mother's miniature in my chest. There was plenty of time to fetch it, and in a second I was down in the cabin. Flinging the lid open, my hand was already upon the likeness, when I heard a foot upon the stairs. I turned, and by the dim light yet swinging from the roof perceived Jacob Kiel.

Good heavens! The diabolical expression on his face, the fiendish malice in his dark, snake-like eyes, revealed his intention in a moment. He had come to do me some deadly harm. Leaping up, I seized my revolver, to be on my guard; but an attack was not his purpose. Before I could prevent him, he had quickly closed the cabin door, and locked it on the outside.

Like a flash of lightning all the horrors of my position instantly flashed before me. I was a prisoner in the sinking ship! Uttering a loud shout of fury, I sprang forward; the cry was echoed by a laugh from Jacob Kiel. I heard him say, "Who will marry May Brodstone now?" and then his feet went rapidly up the stairs.

I called aloud for help; the uproar of the storm drowned my voice. I paused. Just then the wind lulled, and I heard an order to push off; the speaker was Jacob Kiel. I again shouted in my agony; but my voice and the wind rose together—I was not heard. I continued to shout like a madman, though I knew that all my hope was gone—that I was alone, like a trapped rat, in a sinking ship.

Furiously I beat the door, all the while painfully conscious that rescue was impossible and death certain, for it was night, and, as no doubt the storm would separate the boats, my absence would not be discovered until the vessel had foundered.

Could I expect aught else, when in the occasional lull of the hurricane I heard the rush of the deadly waters in the hold, and felt the ship lurch more heavily each moment as she plunged in the trough of the sea! Suddenly she gave a terrific heel over, and a wave came rattling down the companion ladder like thunder, rushed under the door and inundated the cabin.

I shrieked in agony, believing that all was over—that I was to die thus, not even with the chance of battling for life.

I felt that I could meet death calmly if I were on deck, with the heavens above me; but my very hair stirred at the horrible thought of being buried in the sea as it were in a box. Was there really no way of escape? I looked round and gave a great shout of joy, then leaped forward, careless now that the water mounted higher and higher.

"Fool! Idiot!" I exclaimed. "Why did you not think of it before? You are your own murderer!"

My eyes had rested upon my revolver. In a second I had fired two of its barrels into the lock of the door, shivering it to atoms, and the next minute I was upon the deck—only just in time, for the vessel was settling fast. It would have settled long before, but that the storm had abated.

With a wild hope I looked for the boats. Near or far all was alike—darkness hid the waters. But, having succeeded so far, I resolved not to despair. One by one I discharged the remaining barrels of my revolver, and then plunged into the sea, to swim as far as I could from the ship before it sank, hoping that I should find some pieces of wreck. I did so before I had proceeded far—a mast, with cordage attached. This helped me; for, after lashing myself to the mast as well as I could, the waves bore me away. Suddenly, however, a fearful rush of water seized me. I was drawn rapidly back, and then down as in a whirlpool—flung, it seemed, here, there, and everywhere—after which I remembered no more. When I came to, I was in one of the boats, with May Brodstone leaning over me.

It appeared that directly morning dawned the boats were called together, and the captain went over the names, when mine was found missing; upon which he had resolved to row back, and see if he could not find me, urged thereto by many of his companions, who wondered—as did not Jacob Kiel—what could have prevented my getting into one of the boats.

The sea was nearly calm, the sun shining, and their search was not difficult. They soon perceived a dark object. Approaching it, they found it to be myself, clinging like grim death to the wreck, but laughing and yelling like a maniac. In fact I was mad, and for some time after they had managed to get me into the boat I remained so; then I became calmer, though I was delirious for a whole day and night.

Directly sensibility returned I told my story, filling every one with horror, especially May Brodstone.

"I see it all!" exclaimed the captain. "The villain! Last night our boats separated in the darkness; this morning the one bearing Jacob Kiel and the worst of the crew was missing. He has either steered the boat into a different track, or paid the fellows to desert us, fearful of the punishment that might have awaited him when we touched land."

Whether the captain's supposition was correct I do not know, but we never heard of Jacob Kiel again.

That day we were picked up by a homeward-bound ship, and in due time were landed in England, where May and I were married, and where we now reside; for my wife will not hear of crossing the ocean again, as she cannot forget—as indeed I cannot—that most terrible moment of my life.

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

GRAPES are recommended as a cure for biliousness. The acid of the fruit relieves the stomach of its bile.

KEEPING MEAT IN WARM WEATHER.—Smoke the meat in February, and by the first of March wrap it up in newspapers, and put it in thick twilled bags and let it hang in the smokehouse.

BLACK HARNESS VARNISH.—Digest of shellac, twelve parts; white turpentine, five parts; gum sandara, two parts; lamp black, one part; with spirits of turpentine, four parts; and alcohol, ninety-six parts.

TO REMOVE MILDEW.—Soak the parts of the cloth that are mildewed in two parts of chloride of lime to four parts of water, for about two hours, or till the mildew has disappeared; then thoroughly rinse it in cold water.

CLEANSING THE EAR.—The removal of foreign substances from the ear may often be accomplished by doubling a horse-hair in the form of a loop, and, placing the patient upon the side, passing the loop into the ear as far as it will go, then turning it gently.

TO GROW FLESHY.—If any one wishes to grow fleshy, a pint of milk taken before retiring at night will cover the scrawniest bones. The idea that milk is "feverish" has exploded, and it is now the physician's great reliance in bringing through typhoid patients, or those in too low a state to be nourished by solid food. It is a great mistake to scrimp the milk pitcher. Take more milk and buy less meat. Look to your milkmen, have large-sized, well-filled milk pitchers on the table each meal, and you will also have sound flesh and light doctor's bills.

HOW TO CRYSTALIZE FLOWERS.—Gather the flowers before they are ripe, or rather while they are a little green, and dry them in a dark room; when they are dry dissolve one pound of alum in a quart of rain water; the flowers will, of course, have lost very much of their original color, but this you must restore by painting them, which must be done before you begin to crystalize them; then make up the flowers in any desired shape of bouquet, dip them in the solution, take out again, let remain in the air for a minute or two, and dip again. Repeat this until you have as much of a deposit on the flowers as you wish, and then frame and put under a glass.

ROSES THE YEAR ROUND.—It is comparatively easy to adorn each month of the year with some form of floral beauty, and in this way to girdle the season round with flowers enough and to spare. Still, roses all the year round continue the exception rather than the rule. If one could command a rosary under glass, properly warmed, the supply of roses all the year round would be made easy. But without that, and with a moderate supply of, say, fifty or one hundred, or two hundred plants in pots, the year may be wreathed around with roses. For the purpose of an uninterrupted supply no varieties are so useful as tea roses, and a few of the superior varieties of noisettes on a back wall of a greenhouse, conservatory, glass corridor, or case, are invaluable for producing flowers when they are most wanted.

News of Interest

BEEF-TEA between the waltzes, in place of wine, is highly recommended—for those who like it.

VIRGINIA CITY, Nevada, is a fortunate town. Its street sweepings yields $7.54 silver and $2.32 gold, to the ton.

THE total number of persons reported as killed by railway accidents in the United Kingdom in 1874 is 1,425, and injured, 5,050.

IT is said that the hurrying to catch trains and boats, of which there is necessarily so much in these days, tends to produce disease of the heart and brain.

ONE of the modest little farming patches in Illinois is laid out in 19,000 acres of corn, 2,500 acres of flax, 1,000 acres of oats, and enough grass to produce about 8,000 tons of hay.

QUEEN ELIZABETH used to be regaled at dinner with twelve trumpets and two kettle-drums; which, together with fifes, cornets, and side-drums, made the hall ring for half an hour together.

SOOT is said to be a valuable stimulant and fertilizer for garden flowers. A lady who had tried in vain to train a climbing rose and grape vine over her windows, was despairing over her stunted plants, when some one recommended "soot-tea." Forthwith she made some tea, taking a teaspoonful of soot to a quart of water. Two or three doses administered to both rose and vine effectually revived them. They grew rapidly and luxuriantly.

RECENTLY, during one day (Whit Monday), 256,547 passengers were carried on the Metropolitan Underground Railway, London, being at the rate of *ninety millions* of passengers per annum. The stations are half a mile apart. The trains run every two minutes. They consist of twelve cars each, and are drawn by locomotives weighing forty-five tons each. They discharge and take up a load of passengers, run to the next station, and stop, all within the space of two minutes.

IT is a curious fact that the news of the shipwreck of the steamer Schiller off the Scilly Islands came to England from New York. The ubiquitous correspondent of the New York *Herald* was the first to obtain the tidings; he telegraphed at once to New York, and from the office of the New York *Herald* the news was telegraphed back to the *Evening Standard*. It does not say much for the enterprise of English journalism that news from the south of England should reach London *via* New York.

THE London *Times* is now considering a scheme which, a few years since, would have seemed as wild as the transportation of Aladdin's Palace, or a Jules-Verne journey to the moon. It is a plan for the simultaneous setting-up, by telegraph, in the different cities of Great Britain, of each morning's edition of the London *Times*. The plan is not perfected—it may not be for many years—but the fact of its serious consideration, and that it seems feasible to those best informed, is the brightest testimony possible of the future in store for the art of telegraphy.

PLAYING-CARDS during the seventeenth century were employed for various purposes which were quite alien to their original character. In France they formed the means of conveying instruction to children. In England they were adopted as the medium for spreading political caricature. The earliest of these packs of cards known is one which appears to have been published at the very moment of Charles II's restoration, and was perhaps engraved in Holland. It contains a series of caricatures on the principal acts of the Commonwealth and on the Parliamentary leaders.

A LONDON correspondent says that the Princess of Wales is leading the sea-side fashions this year. Here is a description of one of her dresses: It is of Edinburg cloth, and embroidered in parti-colored garlands, into which are ingeniously embroidered the monogram and crest of the princess. The monogram is allonge in Italian fashion, and the crown embroidered upon three over-lapping pieces crossing at the sides of the skirt. Similar embroidery is reproduced on the corsage, which is cut on the bias of the cloth. In some of the robes in imitation of it the embroidery of the monogram and crests are confined to special parts of the dress, as the chatelaine, cuffs, collars, etc., the crowns intermingling with shields, giving a harmonious effect. The tablier is covered with embroidery. From this application of the monogram to the toilette one may fairly expect to see dresses next year covered with texts in embroidery, so that upon meeting with a dame, one has but to glance over her robe to read her autobiography in the sentiments deftly woven in her toilette. If he reads the Latin text running up her sleeve, "Dum spiro spero" ("while I breathe I hope"), he may infer that the wearer is a hopeful Naomi, while the fortune-seeking maiden will have inscribed on her girdle, "Amour fait beaucoup, mais argent fait tout" ("love does much, but money does all"). In any event, a proper motto for such gowns would be, "A grand frais" ("very expensive").

$50,000 WILL BE PAID FOR ANY remedy which will cure Chronic Rheumatism, Pains in the Limbs, Back and Chest, Sore Throat, Insect Stings, Croup, Dysentery, Colic, Sprains and Vomiting, quicker than Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment, established in 1847; never fails. Sold by the Druggists. Depot, 10 Park Place, N. Y.

How Delightful

It is to be able to remove all the disfigurements from the skin, such as tan, freckles, moth-patches, etc. The delightful and harmless toilet preparation known as Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" will effectually remove all such blemish without the fear of injuring the skin. It will leave the skin smooth, clear, and transparently beautiful. Sold at all druggists and fancy goods dealers. Depot, 6 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

OBSERVATIONS ON

NASAL CATARRH.

An abstract from a forthcoming work on diseases of the throat and air-passages, by A. N. WILLIAMSON, M. D., late Clinical Physician in the University Medical College, New York City. Mailed to any address for 10 cents. Address the author, 28 East 20th street, N. Y.

Dr. WILLIAMSON'S great success in the treatment of Catarrhal and throat and lung affections, renders valuable whatever comes from his pen."—*Journal of Medical Science.*

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BEGINNINGS AND ENDS.

It is one of the greatest blessings of this life, as well as one of the saddest things in this life, that everything in it has a Beginning and an End.

We cannot bear a very long, uniform look-out. There was a poor cabman in London who committed suicide not long ago. He left behind him a letter explaining his reasons for the miserable deed. It said that he ended his life because he was "weary of doing the same things over and over again every day." He looked too far ahead; he saw life as one expanse, and forgot that it was broken up into many stages, that the journey which crushed him down when he contemplated it as one long weary thing, he might have borne if he had only divided it into stages.

Now, we know that this same feeling of weariness, and almost of despair, has come over most of us when we have looked forward and seen the long weary way that seemed to stretch on and on before us in life. Sometimes there comes on us the poor Londoner's feeling: Here is this same round over, and over, and over; the occupations of each day are a circle, and we are just going round and round it, like a horse in a mill. To-morrow will be like to-day; and then to-morrow, and the day after that; and so on, on, on. This feeling is a morbid one, and a wrong one; but for all that, it is a common one.

We should discipline ourselves to mentally divide everything into stages, as it were, and to look at life as a series of beginnings and ends. Life is, indeed, a succession of stages, and we should think of but one stage at a time. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Most people can bear one day's evil; the thing that breaks us down is the trying to bear on one day the evil of two days, twenty days, a hundred days. We can bear a day of pain, followed by a night of pain; and that, again, by a day of pain, and so on; but we can bear them only by taking them each by itself. We can break each single rod, but not the bundle of rods. And the sufferer, in real great suffering, turns to the wall in blank despair when he looks too far ahead, and takes in a uniform, dreary expanse of suffering, unrelieved by the blessed relief of even fanciful beginnings and ends.

The power and habit of taking comprehensive views of life is not, in every case, a desirable thing. It is well for us that we should look at our work in life in its part, rather than as a whole. We do not mean to say by this that we ought not, oftentimes, to consider what is the drift and bearing of all our life, and of all we are doing in it. We mean that to avoid a disheartening result, we should look not at the entire chain, but at each successive link of it. Of course we know each link will be succeeded by the next; but let us think of them one at a time. Let us be thankful for Saturday night, and let us enjoy it; and let us hold at arm's length the intruding thought of Monday morning, when the shoulder must be put to the collar again.

It would crush down any man's resolution, if he saw in one glance the whole enormous bulk of labor which he will get through in a lifetime, without feeling it so very much at each successive stage. It is well to break up our journies into separate portions; to take it bit by bit; to set ourselves a number of successive beginnings and ends; even though we know we are practicing a sort of deception on ourselves, and that when the end we have immediately in view is reached, our work will be just as far from being done as ever.

Your little boy has before him the mighty task of his education. You do not tell the feeble thing at once the whole extent of toil that is before him. No; you fix on a small part of the work that is to be done, and you show him *that* as his first end. *That* is the first thing to be done, and then we shall see what is to come next. And yet you know, and the little child knows just as well, that after he has conquered the alphabet, he must just begin again with something else; and that by a succession of steps, he must mount from his first little book onwards and upwards into the fields of knowledge and learning.

Let us, therefore, if we are wise men, hold by this grand principle of STEP BY STEP; let us be thankful that God, knowing that weariness is a thing that must be felt at intervals by the minds and bodies of all His creatures, has appointed that they shall live in a world of Beginnings and Ends. Yes, we can stand a day at a time, but if we *forget* this law of beginnings and ends, we shall come to be bearing the weight of a hundred days together. And *that* will crush the strongest.

BLOSSOM.

BY DELMADIE.

A little white flower so frail, so fair,
That 'twould seem to melt in the wintry air.

A wonderful sweetness, as if the breath
Of angels had scented it ere its death.

Folding its petals and drooping its head,
My wee little tender blossom is dead.

A little white face so lovely, so fair,
That the smile of an angel lingers there.

A few faint sighs, and the cold lips of Death
Were pressed to my darling's, and hush'd her breath.

A folding of little white hands on her breast,
And baby, wee blossom, is safe at rest.

To another region more pure, more fair,
Where the harps of seraphs ring on the air,

The angels have borne my little white flower,
But, ah! how I miss her every hour.

And kneel in the darkness beside the bed,
Where lies my white blossom, lifeless and dead,

And press in anguish those cold lips to mine;
But she heeds it never; she gives no sign,

But lies in that silent, unbroken sleep,
While I kneel in my sorrow, and smile as I weep,

For I know she looks down from beside the Throne,
And there shall I find her, my darling, my own!

THE FOURTH AT THISTLEDALE;

OR,

An Englishman's Tribute to America.

BY REV. DR. BADGER.

When we received an invitation from our friend Dullas to spend the Fourth at his country seat, and meet his cousin, Captain John Brittan, of the British Cavalry, and his lovely bride, we thought to describe the happy pair, the Dullas family, the guests, the house and grounds, and the generous, old-fashioned hospitality of our host. We meant to describe the amusements of the morning, together with the astonishment of the English couple, who had disembarked only the day before, and had, it seems, forgotten all about the Anniversary of Independence, when they were roused from their morning nap, in the room adjoining our own, by the terrific din, with which American Patriotism and little Tommy Dullas are accustomed to usher in the day. But our limits restrict us to the dinner and the fireworks, which were the great features of the occasion—though not as far apart as strictly classical features ought to be—and to the captain's speech, the great feature of the dinner, of which repast we shall only say, that it was given in the Pavillion, a long roof on short pillars, eked out by canvas in case of rain, near the river, and near the spot where the pyrotechnic display was to be given—nearer, in fact, to the latter, than anybody anticipated.

In honor of the captain, the British and American flags were intertwined, and when the speechifying began, the ladies remaining, such kind things were said about England, and so much hope expressed that it might soon be a republic, too, that Captain Brittan could not but rise.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the captain, "in rising to reply to your gratifying, kind and even fraternal sentiments, let me say at once, that were I not Diogenes I—I mean were I not Alexander, I would be Diogenes—were I not an Englishman, (and had I been born in this country,) I would be an American! [Applause, the audience captivated at the outset.] When I—that is, when my wife first made up our mind [Sensation among the married ladies,] to come to America, she, that is, we, in order to gain some knowledge of the aborigines, subscribed to the New York *Herald* and *Tribune;* and to the Philadelphia SATURDAY EVENING POST." [Applause]

After which the speaker went on to say, that, therefore, he felt that he knew the people among whom he was coming; was familiar with their habits of thought, modes of life, and, to use a nautical phrase, which he had borrowed from the captain of the steamer, the general cut of their jib. He accordingly spoke with more confidence, than might otherwise become a foreigner. [Cries of: "No foreigners here!" "No, no!" "St. George for the merry United States!" "Hail Old England, happy land!" and beautiful variations by the band, composed of "God save the Queen," with "Yankee Doodle" as a bass accompaniament.]

The captain was much affected, winking very hard at the only other Englishman present, who was also an American citizen from Cork, Colonel Fitzpatrick O'Dougherty, probably to disguise the moisture in his eye, and burying his face in his champagne glass; while Mrs. Brittan, hiding hers in her pocket handkerchief, gave way to violent emotion, which a fit of sneezing but partially concealed.

"Happy America!" exclaimed the captain, when the enthusiasm gave him breathing space; "happy in its geography, in its mineral, commercial and agricultural advantages; in its waterpowers, its corporations, its anniversaries like the present; its centenniale, its institutions, its newspapers, and its republican form of government, so well adapted to please those who prefer it to any other. [Hear, hear.] Yes, I said it was preferred here," answered the captain. "Why we English subjects, monarchists and royalists though we are, know so well what it is to be governed by tyrants, that we would no more give our Queen half as much power as you give your President [cheers] than you would give your President half as much money as we give our Queen! [Enthusiastic applause.]

"Happy America!" the captain continued to exclaim, like a man who had taken just one glass of champagne too much; but, rousing himself, he went on to show how happy America was, not only in her institutions, but in her statesmen, whom he was glad to find appreciated as most of them richly deserved to be. For, while from one point of view the breed of statesmen was extinct; from another, no such statesmen had ever been—he believed he was about to use a correct term, having, before he embarked, made a study of the American language—"soared up." For, he went on to explain, he had invariably, when a man was abused in the *Herald*, had all his confidence in him restored by a reference to the *Tribune;* and, reciprocally, when any fellow's utter depravity was exposed by the *Tribune*, it was but glancing over the *Herald* to have more confidence in him than he had had before; and whenever one paper showed that a certain policy was a blow to popular sovereignty, or public finance, the other proved at once that it was the sole defence of constitutional liberty and national credit. Happy the people who possessed such means of arriving at a just estimate, both of men and measures! He admired, too, the thoroughness with which the idea of democracy, the grand, the sublime idea of a government from, by, and for the people, was carried out by the solid men of the nation; who, instead of crowding into Parliamess—he begged pardon, into Congarent—held aloof, not only from office, with the patriotic remark that it wouldn't pay; abstained from primary meetings, and, in some illustrious cases, even from voting, and allowed politics to be managed—he would not say manipulated—or largely, to again use a term of the American language, "run by a set of skallawags"—he believed he had the correct word and accent—[Cries of: "Yes, yes; that's the name for 'em!"] and submitted patiently to the extra taxes and assessments which, as a matter of course, followed. Such an instance of suffering, for principle, he had not found elsewhere in history. [Rapturous applause.]

"The business men, too, of America, look at them! [All the business men present were looked at accordingly, and in their turn looked as virtuous as possible.] What did we see? [A voice—"Fellows who have evidently been dining out on the Fourth."] He scorned the base insuendo. "Hic," said the captain, and then correcting himself, "I mean, he (*hic* is Latin), he who sees a business man sees a patriot. Why, in Europe," said the speaker, "the business men expect, ay, force the governments to legislate for and protect their interests. In times of panic the governments and Parliaments are compelled to come forward and do all in their power to restore public confidence, and to sustain the sinking credit, especially of their own friends. But, sublime spectacle! Not only has this government been at liberty to look on with its hands in its pockets, or to fiddle, if it pleased, like Nero while Rome was afire, amid toppling houses, falling walls, and general conflagration, but to go on hampering and harassing the business men of the country with all sorts of vexatious restrictions, till respectable firms had to smuggle (he meant smother) their feelings. Nay, look at the contrast. The Jews, when persuaded by means of dentistry, dungeons and hot gridirons to contribute to the good of the state, or of those who ruled the state (which was exactly the same thing), in times past, murmured—actually murmured. They were always murmuring, those Jews! There was no satisfying them, either by means of manner, or by any manner of means, but, in America, after being pumped, drained, squeezed, wrung out and hung up to dry, great corporations with leading business men—he would not say, leading business men with great corporations—came forward and actually offered more money to their representatives, pressed it upon them, urged them to take it, pocket it, and say nothing about it. 'Did good by stealth and blushed,' as well they might, 'to find it fame.' The fault was, that there was so much money in trade that government naturally thought of getting a little out of it, and had now got so much out that there was comparatively little left in; yet the tradesmen of America, all honor to them, had nobly endured, saying, 'We'll make it up, and more, too, out of our customers.' True, this calculation sometimes failed; the customer, after paying extravagantly, ceasing, on a sudden, to pay at all. But what then? The general good was promoted; the bankrupt's property was 'gone for' by his oreditors, and in the universal scramble outside parties got most of it. Thus wealth was diffused, the communistic idea of a new division every few years realized, and the grand principle of rotation extended from a man's office to his private residence, stable, and coach-house. [Cheers.]

"Such a state of things should be perpetuated, were it but for the instruction of mankind. That it would be perpetuated was happily clear, all chance of revolution being obviated by the Presidential elections, which ensuring a complete though peaceful one every four years, ought to give the average American citizen revolution enough to last him; and though benighted Europeans had pointed out (absurd idea)! that such revolutions might not always be peaceful, and though, in fact, one had not been peaceful, still it was evident that, the war ended, both parties would wonder why it was ever begun, and the one that whipped would be the first to propose reconstruction.

He would say no more, but give them as a general sentiment, 'May the great Centennial of the Republic realize the popular anticipations!'"

He resumed his seat in the midst of a perfect ovation, and Mr. Dullas, behind his hand, had just whispered to us:

"I don't know; I couldn't quite make him out. He talked very glibly and very fast, and he appeared to praise us, and the rest evidently were delighted—but, eh; what do you think?"

And we were going to reply that a subject of Queen Victoria could not be expected to talk anything but nonsense about the sovereign people of a free country, when, to our horror and dismay, we were called upon to reply in behalf of the Centennial Commission, with which we were known to be connected, in virtue of having failed to get employment from it.

Seeing that there was no help for it, we rose, and trying to keep our knees from shaking, made the following eloquent address, commenting on the errors of that which had preceded it.

"Ladies and gentlemen——"

That was not all of it, you know; we had more to say than just that; but we only give that, because that was all we actually said.

For a gentleman, who was not aware that the fireworks, which were not to be used upon any account before dark, had been laid down in a heap at one end of the pavilion, with the heads of the rockets and roman candles all pointing one way which was right, only it had better have been the other way—happened, after lighting his cigar, to throw the match behind him over his shoulder, and so, just as we got on our legs, there was a fizz, and a bang, then several bangs, and a wild confusion of rushes and shrieks, and by the time we had addressed the ladies and gentlemen, there were no more ladies and gentlemen to address.

MEANNESS AND ECONOMY.—Let no young man ever permit it to enter his mind that economy is meanness, or that it is to be despised. It is he who saves who can afford to give; and nothing is mean which is honest, and which goes to establish one's independence.

HIS LUCK.

BY S. A. M. MOSS.

"I should like to ask your consent to marry Betsy," said young Solomon Wickliff.

And, as he said it, he whirled his straw hat furiously over his hand, and blushed like a schoolboy caught stealing apples.

For more than a week he had been nerving himself for this task, which was no light one, for Solomon had only his strong hands and honest heart, while Mr. Ware counted his money by thousands; besides, Betsy was an only child, and no expense had been spared to educate her as a lady.

"I have no objection to your character and ability, Solomon," said Mr. Ware, gravely; "but how do you expect to support a wife?"

"By the labor of my hands," said Solomon, proudly. "I don't expect to marry at present; we are willing to wait for each other; but I thought I would speak to you about it now."

"Well," said Mr. Ware, "I know what poverty is, for my wife and I began poor. Yes, Solomon, poor as the poorest. We have seen the day we ate off a chest for a table, and could count all the dishes our house contained on ten fingers; but I don't mean to have my daughter marry under any such disadvantages. The road to poverty is easy enough, for it is all the way down hill, but the road from poverty is all the way up hill, and mighty hard climbing, too, I can tell you. Still, if you love Betsy, and she loves you, I will give you three years in which to win her. If at the end of that time you will come to me and prove you are worth five thousand dollars, you shall have her, for five thousand dollars is a pretty good start for a young farmer."

As Mr. Ware finished speaking, he involuntarily, perhaps, glanced out at the window, and down the village street, to the palatial mansion of lawyer Reed, who was fifty and a widower.

Solomon knew well enough what that glance meant, for lawyer Reed was an ardent admirer of Betsy Ware, and more, he was her father's friend.

"Don't despond, darling," said Solomon, softly, for, as he finished the story of his ill success, he fancied he saw tears glittering in Betsy's eyes. "I shall stay at home this fall and winter and help father, but when the spring's work is done, I will start for California. Who knows, but in three years I may return a rich man. I have read of some whose fortune it seemed to be to turn up nuggets of gold."

"And I," replied Betsy, "of some whose luck it seemed to be to get scalped by Indians; so, for my sake, pray don't go."

But when Solomon took his leave, he whispered:

"It is for your sake alone I shall go, for lawyer Reed has plenty of money, if I haven't."

And Betsy shuddered when she heard that name, and bravely said:

"Go!"

It was getting late in autumn, but the air was warm and pleasant, and Solomon and his father, having concluded to turn a portion of the back pasture into a field, were preparing to plough it. Mr. Wickliff had yoked the oxen and fastened them to the plow, and Solomon had harnessed old Nan and hitched her on in front of the oxen, then Mr. Wickliff moved the goad stick, Solomon steadied the plow, and off they started.

It was some distance to the back pasture, but the thoughts of the two men were so busy that they did not mind the distance.

Mr. Wickliff was thinking of how many potatoes he would probably raise if it happened to be a good year, and of how much they would bring in market; and Solomon was thinking what a darling girl Betsy Ware was, and what a close-fisted old curmudgeon her father was. There had been quite a hurricane a week or two previous, and Solomon noticed that several small trees along the route were uprooted; suddenly he gave a great shout of joy, let go the plow handles and darted off. Mr. Wickliff gazed after him for half a minute in surprised wonder, then he shouted, "Whoa," dropped the reins, and followed Solomon, for, scattered about in the deep hollow made by an uprooted tree, were numerous gold pieces, while the crock from which they had fallen, still half filled, was held firmly among the twisted roots.

"Some of old miser Mills' hoardings, probably," said Mr. Wickliff. "I have heard my father tell of him; he lived hereabouts, and folks used to say he buried piles and piles of money; but I guess this is the first that has ever been found, though, for years. People dug up the ground all about here, and clairvoints and spirituolists filled their own pockets by their prophesys, and the pockets of nobody else. But I am glad you have found it, my boy, for miser Mills hadn't a relative in the known world, so there is nobody to claim it."

Solomon was glad, too, for all the money was in twenty dollar gold pieces, and amounted to four thousand dollars. "Half is yours, father;" and then he told all the story of his love for Betsy Ware, and the reply her father had given.

"Keep it, my boy, keep it," said Mr. Wickliff; "or, if you say so, I will take five hundred and not a cent more. That will just pay off the mortgage Gage holds on this farm, and leave me a free man; and you set to and win Betsy. If I were you I would not say a word about this now, but just go west and speculate in land; be cautious, and in three years you will be a rich man!"

So Solomon went up to Mr. Ware's and said "Good-bye" to Betsy, that very night, and the next day he started for Des Moines, where he hoped to meet with his mother's brother, John Benack, who was a great land speculator, and for whom he had been named Solomon John. This uncle was a bachelor, and he took a great liking to his nephew, and under his directions, Solomon's money increased so fast that, at the end of three years, it counted up to twenty-five thousand dollars, and he began to think of returning home. But John Benack could not accompany him till spring, so he dispatched a note to Betsy, bidding her wait for him until June, when he would come to claim her, proud and happy.

This note, however, never reached its destination, and, despite the tears and protestations of Betsy, her parents had decided to marry her to Judge Reed. In vain she asked for a year's delay; her mother was firm, her father inexorable, and loaves and loaves of bride cake, and heaps and heaps of roses were made ready for her bridal. The judge had lavished his money freely, and liberality with Mr. Ware had not been wanting, for but this one bride could ever be given from his house.

The church where the ceremony was to be performed was a marvel of floral decorations, and the bride and groom were to stand under an arch of white roses when they pronounced their vows.

"Sometime when you are a happy bride, you will thank us for all this," said Betsy's parents, as they kissed her, wholly theirs, for the last time.

Just as the train that brought Solomon Wickliff eastward puffed up to the village depot, the marriage bells rung out.

Mr. Wickliff was in waiting, for he had received a telegram which read, "We are coming to-morrow."

"Not a moment to lose, Solomon," he said, when the first hand-shakings were over. "Betsy Ware is to be married this very hour to Judge Reed."

"Married?" cried Solomon, looking aghast.

"Yes," replied Mr. Wickliff; "her folks would make her, and as she hadn't heard from you she didn't know what to do, poor girl."

"Had not heard?" replied Solomon; "why, I have written——"

"And," continued Mr. Wickliff, "she would have been married this morning, only that the organist was sick, and nobody else felt like playing the wedding march at so grand a marriage."

"I should like to play Judge Reed's wedding march to-day," said John Benack, "for I have not forgotten that he once stood in the place I should have occupied as bridegroom. I would sing, too," and suiting the action to the word, as the fiery young horse dashed off down the road, he sang the last verse of an old Scotch ballad with so much evident glee that even Solomon smiled.

"The kirk was decked at morning tide,
The tapers glimmered fair,
And priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
But, ah! no bride was there!
They sought her baith by bower and ha',
The ladye was not seen;
She's o'er the border, and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean."

When the church was reached the minister was just questioning whether any one knew just cause why the marriage should not proceed. John Benack stepped forward, "I forbid it to proceed without a change of bridegrooms," he said, and when Judge Reed looked up and saw Solomon standing just within the church door, he knew that all his plotting and planning had failed, and without a word he left his place at Betsy's side, walked down the aisle of the church and out at the door, and never looked back until he entered his own house, and the world that day knew no happier bridal than that of Betsy Ware.

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

"Buttercups and daisies!" are not the very words redolent of the spring of life? Do they not recall the boundless wealth of infancy, when childhood gathers flowers till the cup of joy runs over, and the tired gatherer sleeps the sleep of innocence?

Daisies and Buttercups! The child's first love,
Which lent their magic to those guileless hours,
Ere cares were known.
Ah, joyous time! through verdant meads to rove,
With wild flowers strowo.

Tom Campbell, a poet less read than he deserves, associates them with infancy:

Wildlings of nature, I dote upon you;
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and Buttercups gladdened my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

Let us, then, hail the Buttercup as the symbol of cheerfulness, of childish joy, and even of riches, as the power of doing good and dispensing happiness. This is the sense in which a popular poetess apostrophizes the golden-starred harbingers of summer:

Oh, I can now recall th' unthrift delight
That filled my basket and my tiny hand
With Buttercups that shone in burnished gold.

The excellent Bishop Mant, whose poem of "The British Months" shows him to have been an ardent admirer of nature, has some pretty verses on the Buttercup:

The daisy and the Buttercup,
For which the laughing children stoop,
A hundred times the livelong day,
In their rude, romping, summer play,
So thickly now the pasture crowd,
In gold and silver sheeted cloud,
As if the drops of April showers
Had woo'd the sun and changed to flowers.

Shakspeare calls our Buttercup by more than one rustic and poetic name:

The Cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,

in another poem become "Mary-buds"—

Hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin—
My lady sweet, arise!

Milton has also other names for this familiar meadow flower. Thus he asks:

The tufted Crow-toe and pale jessamine
. . . . . .
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.

From Shakspeare's "native woodwild," and Milton's "stately march and sound divine," we descend, ay, and with pleasure, to our minor poets and our humble theme; for

There's not a little buttercup,
Returning with the spring,
But it can boast a golden crown
As bright as any king:

and Eliza Cook has told us:

'Tis sweet to love in childhood; when the souls that we bequeath
Are beautiful in freshness as the coronals we wreathe.

We don't know after this whether we care to describe the Buttercup botanically and scientifically.

A GOOD MEMORY.—We read too much, and think about what we read too little; the consequence is, that most of the people we meet know something, in a superficial way, about almost everything. Not a tenth part of what is read is remembered for a month after the book or newspaper is laid aside. Daniel Webster, who had a rich store of information on almost every subject of general interest, said that it had been his habit for years to reflect for a short time on whatever he read, and to fix the thoughts and ideas worth remembering in his mind. Any one who does this will be surprised to find how retentive his memory will become, or how long after reading an interesting article, the best portions of it will remain with him.

NEWS AND NONSENSE.

BY B. DADD.

A New Jersey paper prints an editorial entitled, "How Limburger Cheese is Made." It is a very strong article—the cheese is.

It has just been discovered why hen's eggs were invented. They were invented for western editors to compare hailstones with.

A dietetic writer says "Americans eat more pie crust than any other people in the world." This will probably explain why so many of our people are always "short," when a bill is presented.

The coming woman will regret to learn that, according to Darwin, the coming man will be bald-headed. Instead of snatching her husband by the hair, she will be obliged to pour scalding water down his back.

A poet says: "Winter is the Mother of Spring." Then why growl so much about Winter lingering in her lap? A mother certainly has a right to sit in her daughter's lap—but it is generally the other way. What we complain of, is the old lady having her daughter tied to her apron strings until Summer comes.

"A good clown can command a salary of ten thousand dollars a year, while the salary of a minister doesn't average over one thousand." And yet more men enter the ministry than the ring. This shows that the moral law of the—the—that is, it shows that—well, it shows something, but we can't just think what it is.

The meanest man in our town not only compels his wife to get up at daylight to go to market, but forces her to carry a patent punch, which, by a peculiar arrangement inside, punches a coupon every time she spends a cent! By this economical dodge, he manages to save enough to keep himself in tobacco and segars all the year round.

Dame Fashion rules the world with a golden wand. We are told that a fashionable wedding costs five thousand dollars, and that a fashionable funeral two thousand ditto. So it will be seen that a young man who is inclined to be fashionable can save three thousand dollars by dying instead of getting married. And three thousand dollars is an object these hard times!

"There is no better exercise in the world than digging garden." This is the cool and deliberate opinion of a man who sits on the back piazza two or three hours in the morning, dividing his leisure between reading the newspapers and watching his hired man turning up the virgin soil with a spade and breaking his spinal column for one dollar per day and find himself.

Don't you wish you were the Shah of Persia? In addition to the felicity he enjoys of buying overskirts and striped stockings for two or three hundred wives, he was lately gratified by the receipt of 2,500 rebel scalps from one of his military commanders. A man so doubly blessed should not complain of the high price of eggs, and mourn because the coal miners don't resume work. Those 2,500 scalps should last him a lifetime.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says "a kiss is the twenty-seventh letter of the alphabet—the love labial which it takes two to speak plainly." Oliver is right. And that letter is always employed by young couples of opposite sexes, who inaugurate impromptu spelling-bees in the parlor after the old folks have retired. They can't spell the simplest word in the English language without jamming in that twenty-seventh letter several times.

A PRETTY COMPARISON.

Silently perfuming the air, whether by the dusty wayside, resting on the summits of the eternal hills, adorning the quiet vales, or clustering in some cottage garden, are the dainty flowers, whose jeweled cups rival the hues of a monarch's gems. There are seen the sapphire's delicate tints, the garnet's rich coloring, the slumbering fires of the topaz, the royal amethyst, the opal's glow, and the purity of the pearl. And here and there are seen the fresh tints of the emerald, encircling the earth as with a coronet. The sapphire's azure gleams are reflected from Flora's fairest treasures to the heavens above, and in their far-away vastness are embosomed in the snowy clouds, jewels of the purest hue. And as the day-king ascends the eastern hills, his splendor falls upon yon dancing fountain, whose waters leap to catch his golden rays, and sparkle like the brightest of Golconda's diamonds. But the beauty of the sparkling drops is rivalled in the hush of the eventide, when "the moon, the reaper of the ripened stars, holds out her silver sickle in the west," and the white stars, like saintly lilies, blossom in the infinite fields of blue. But the iris-hued flowers, and dancing waters, and floating clouds, and sparkling stars, and silvery moon, are but a few of the jewels which nature treasures in her casket. Each day and hour of our lives are as pearls among the gems of time; and as we sail upon the voyage of life, they drift away one by one into the mighty ocean of eternity. Moments, and hours, and days, and months, and years, make up the diadem of jewels which gild the brow of time. And, as we behold them, they resolve themselves into groups, whose hues betoken the different seasons. In that fair group of violet-hued hours, behold our spring-time; and there, amid the tints of lilies and royal roses, behold the years which jewel life's summer. By their side are the years whose hues of amethyst and gold proclaim its autumn; and last, in time's jeweled crown, are the years which gleam with the whiteness of snowdrops and pearls, emblematical of the dreary winter.

BE BRAVE.—Be brave, always. Misfortune, sorrow and obstacles call for all the courage of humanity. To be brave is to be beneficial; it is in time of trouble that we most need courage, for by it we not only strengthen ourselves, but can help others. The dross of the metal is always eliminated by the fire through which it passes. So should sorrow purify us, and yet strengthen us; they are the bravest hearts who go to the front.

BE FRANK.—Frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted that you mean to do what is right.

ROSA'S BIRTHDAY.

BY IDA FAY.

It was Rosa's birthday; and if she had been a little princess there would not have been a greater stir over it. They did not ring the bells, to be sure; but they made a great party for her, and I don't know how many aunts, and uncles, and cousins were invited, besides a host of friends from far and near. Rosa was an only child, and a little beauty, with a face very like her great wax doll. Her complexion was like strawberries and cream, her eyes as blue as turquoise, and her hair as bright, and silky, and curling as that of the fair one with the golden locks in the fairy books. Then she had a little rose bud mouth, that looked as if she were tasting something very nice, unless she were cross, and then it looked as if she were eating a very sour apple-tart; and I am sorry to say that it was not rare that it wore the sour apple-tart look. She was always dressed as fine as a little peacock, with her little bellounced frocks; and before she was three years old she found out who the little girl in the mirror was, and thought she was as pretty, and of as much importance, as any little girl in the world.

As she grew older she began to turn up her pretty little nose at all little girls who were dressed less finely than herself, and to put on little grown-up airs that were quite ridiculous. Then she was so selfish that no one ever cared to play with her; if any one touched one of her things she'd scream out, "Oh, don't; that's mine;" and every one must do just exactly as she pleased, or she would grow very cross, and sullen, and uncomfortable. So no little girl ever visited her more than once unless they were compelled to do so, though she had such a wonderful playhouse, and enough toys to fill a shop, all of them costly, and rare ones, too.

Rosa was up very early on her birthday morning; it was scarcely five o'clock before she was dressed, though all the rest of the household were in their beds, and would be for an hour or more. In vain her nurse tried to coax her to remain in bed awhile longer, knowing that her mamma would be very much displeased to have her up at that time; she was determined to have her own way as usual; and nurse had no peace until she had made the little lady's toilet, as elaborately as if she expected the fairies to breakfast with her. But after wandering noisily about the house for awhile, waking every one up, and soiling her dress so that it was unfit to wear to the table, she grew tired and sleepy, for it was long before she usually arose, and nurse was obliged to undress and put her to bed again; and a wonderful hush and peace reigned until she awoke the second time.

"Dear me, how late it is!" she exclaimed, rubbing her bright eyes open at last. "Nurse, get my pretty new dress. I shall have that on now."

"No, indeed," said the nurse. "That will never do, Miss Rosa. You are not to be dressed until just before dinner."

"But I will," pouted Rosa. "I've been dressed once this morning, and it's time now that I should be dressed to receive my company."

"You can't have your white dress on now," persisted the nurse. "What would your mamma say? And, besides that, how funny you would look dressed out fine enough to go to a ball, so early in the morning."

"It isn't early," said Rosa, beginning to cry lustily, "and it's my birthday. I tell you I *will* have it on, you ugly old thing, and my pretty sash, too!" And she stamped her little bare foot until it was quite red and swollen.

"You can have your nice little blue dress on," said the nurse, trying to coax her. "Look how fine it is, all trimmed with ribbon and buttons, and you've never worn it but once."

"I won't have the blue dress on!" screamed Rosa, striking furiously at the nurse with her little dimpled, doubled-up fists. "If you don't take it away I'll tear it in pieces!"

"What will you wear then, Miss Rosa?" said the poor nurse, whose mistress often blamed her if Rosa came down stairs with traces of tears on her pink cheeks.

"I won't have any dress on but my white one!" said Rosa, softening her screams a little.

"Oh, dear!" sighed the nurse, "what shall I do? You know that you cannot have your white dress on now. It would be quite spoiled before dinner, and then you could not dance with the other children, and how mortified you would feel!"

But all she could do or say was quite in vain. Rosa persisted in refusing to be dressed at all, and was filling the house with her screams; and presently her mamma came up.

"What is the matter with my darling? On her birthday morning, too!" stooping to kiss the little, wet, flushed face. "What have you been doing to her, nurse? It seems to me that you are always making her cry!"

Nurse tried to explain the state of affairs; but Rosa renewed her cries to such an extent that it was some time before she could make herself heard above the shrill peals.

"Why, Rosa!" remonstrated her mamma, when she understood the cause of the tumult. "How can you be so naughty? Your white dress wasn't made to wear in the morning; it is a pretty dress, and how pretty it will look to-night in the gaslight, for Rosa is going to sit up over so late; does she know it?"

But Rosa continued to stamp and scream. Sugar plums were suggested as a bribe, but this was a failure. Then her mamma promised to buy the most splendid new doll for her that she could find in the city, if she would only be good and have the blue dress on. But no; Rosa would not be dressed at all unless she could wear the white dress.

"Very well," said her mother; "you need not be dressed. You can stay up here, without any breakfast; and when your little cousins come you will not be ready to see them; Come, nurse, leave her alone, and lock the door after you."

Nurse was only too glad to obey; and though Rosa made the house resound for awhile with her cries, no one paid any heed to her at all. Then she pounded with all her little strength against the door; but she could not burst it open, and no one came to unfasten it; until at last she ceased from sheer weariness, and began to look about her to see what mischief she could do in the room to spite the nurse for fastening her in there. There was a large closet in the nursery; where Rosa's clothes were kept, and you may be sure that it was as full of pretty things as it could be.

"I wonder if nurse brought my new dress up here?" said Rosa to herself, peeping into the closet. "If I can find it I will put it on myself, and my sash and all my pretty things."

It was not hanging on one of the hooks; but Rosa thought that it might be folded away in a drawer, and proceeded to investigate. Yes, there it was, rosettes, laces, sash and all, delicate and dainty enough to have suited a fairy. And Rosa proceeded to array herself in them, not without much difficulty, however, for she had never been accustomed to do the slightest thing for herself, not even so much as to put on her slippers. But at last, after much tugging and pulling, she succeeded in fastening the pretty dress round her plump little waist, and in tying the bright, fringed sash, though it was after a rather clumsy fashion, and not at all to Rosa's mind. The little double skirt, looped up with satin rosettes, was very fine; but it did not hang as gracefully as it might, and in trying to pull it straight she pulled one of the rosettes off. Then the bows on the shoulders were sadly crumpled; and to her dismay she found the prints of moist little fingers on the glossy ribbon. But, after all, when she ran to consult the mirror, it reflected back a very dainty little person, standing on the tips of her satin slippers. Her face was dreadfully flushed, to be sure, from over-exertion; but the cherry-colored bows were wonderfully becoming, and the effect of the festooned skirt was very fine. The white made her complexion perfectly dazzling, and altogether the toilet was amazing.

"I wonder how it will look by gaslight?" thought she. "I'm going to darken the windows and see."

So she closed all the blinds and drew all the curtains, until the room was as dark as a spider's pocket; then she lighted the gas by the mirror into a perfect blaze, and climbed up into the chair again to view herself in the illumination. But she gave only one glance into the mirror, and then jumped down with a shriek so loud and full of terror, that nurse was startled when it reached her ears in a distant chamber, and hurried as quickly as possible to her side. She had dropped the lighted match in the folds of her muslin dress and it was all of a blaze!

Perfectly frantic with fear and pain, for the flames were already blistering her poor little dimpled arms and hands, she rushed to the bolted door, and when the nurse opened it fell shrieking into her arms. Her cries alarmed the household; but when they reached the nursery the flames were extinguished; for, fortunately, nurse wore a woolen dress, and, never thinking of herself, she hugged Rosa so closely that it was not possible for them to extend any further. But it was not until the poor little girl was fearfully burned, and for a long time her life was despaired of. She suffered intensely for I don't know how many weary weeks; and when she recovered at last, she was not at all like the bright, pink-cheeked little girl, who teased nurse so about the white dress on her birthday morning—unlike her in looks, and still more in behavior.

The poor little face was pale and pinched, and there were great, ugly scars on the fair little neck and arms; and one hand had been drawn out of shape by the terrible burns. But I am sure you would have loved this Rosa a great deal more than you would have the other one, if she wasn't so pretty; she was so much sweeter, so much more unselfish, and not a bit vain of her fine clothes. Indeed, she never cared to look in a mirror again for years.

The poor nurse was burned very badly also, while endeavoring to save Rosa; but she counted it nothing when she knew she had saved the little girl's life by her efforts.

Rosa is a woman, now, with little girls of her own, and she often tells them the story of herself, and is so thankful, even when she looks at the ugly scars, that something happened to cure her of her vanity and selfishness; else she might have carried them with her through life, and she could never have been happy, and no one would have loved her.

The Coach and the Milestone.

"We travel *far* and travel *fast*," said the Coach, one day to his wheels, stopping near an old Milestone by the side of the road, calling to which it said, with a laugh: "Aren't you tired of always standing in one place?"

"If you are not tired of running, why should I be of staying?" answered the old Milestone, gravely.

"Ah, but I am on wheels, and my duties require nimbleness," remarked the Coach.

"Granted," replied the Milestone; "but I don't see there is so great a difference between us after all. You would be as motionless as myself without your horses, and as to usefulness, milestones have their duties as well as have stage-coaches. If yours are to carry passengers from place to place, mine are to afford travelers information on their way; besides, boast as you may, I have sometimes heard of coaches upsetting, and breaking down, and wearing out, and being stopped and robbed; but I never heard of such things happening unto *milestones*.

"Therefore, friend, taking all into consideration, I fancy I am the safer if the quieter of the two; and if you are happy in running, I am content in staying humbly to do the duties of my station, and perhaps as honorably as yourself, although you are a Fast Coach, and myself am but a poor Milestone on the road."

All have their places in the world, and duties to perform, and—

"They also serve that only stand and wait."

DO RIGHT.—Always dare to do right. If you have done wrong, to the extent of your power rectify it. It is mere cowardice to shrink from repentance; it is the most sublime courage that speaks out in apology, that forgives while it is forgiven. Whatever is right, set about it at once. Manhood wins at last; but shirking duty, not at all. Therefore, do right, even at a late day, for it is "better late than never."

A WISH.

BY WALTER SEDWIN.

It was only a fan, you must understand,
That was held by a dainty, white-gloved hand,
Within a few inches of golden hair,
Enwreathing a brow as a lily fair.

And rippling downward, wanton played
With the rose each damask cheek betrayed,
Soft blending in harmony rare, and sweet
As the dew'rs dropped carelessly at her feet.

But it was not the fan; neither was it the glove,
Nor the tresses of wavy gold above;
But a pair of bright eyes that held me entranced,
As over the top of the fan they glanced.

"Their color?" 'Twere libel to call them blue,
Their tint far excelling the heaven's own hue—
Too bright to be blue, too blue to be bright,
Like the gleaming of stars on a frosty night.

"Their effect," did you say? Well, I cannot explain;
But I felt as if bound by a golden chain,
Enthralled by the glance of those matchless eyes,
Till they seemed but the portals of Paradise.

And ever again, though they say she's a flirt,
To that vision of Eden my thoughts revert.
Though I never recall it but Memory sighs,
For the hand that half shaded those witching eyes.

SIMON GIRTY,

THE RENEGADE.

An Historical Tale of the Border.

By CHARLES McKNIGHT, Esq.,

Author of "Old Fort Du Quesne."

CHAPTER XCVIII.

LARRY CATCHES A TARTAR — SIEGE RAISED.

The warfare was now mainly confined to sharpshooting on both sides. Girty devised several stratagems during the second day, but they were invariably detected and defeated by the incessant watchfulness of the inmates. Eyes were peering forth from every hole, and not a savage could expose his person for a moment but the deadly bullets would search him out.

Towards evening the fire in every direction seemed to languish, and finally a total cessation took place. The harassed defenders now exchanged congratulations on the belief that the enemy had abandoned the siege and were retiring.

Just about dusk a more noisy demonstration than usual from the north and east sides again put them on the alert. It was generally thought that an assault with the combined force was intended.

Sullivan, however, and others more wary and experienced, judged such an ostentatious announcement of an attack looked suspicious, and not at all in accordance with redskin craft. They argued that the attack might be expected from the side directly opposite. A careful lookout was therefore kept. The keen-eyed Hambleton Kerr thought he could descry, amid the thickening gloom of evening, a large number of dusky forms skulking along the edge of the hill on the south side, and thence extending along the river bank.

Every woman in the fort who could fire a gun, was now stationed on the side from which the noisy firing came, and ordered to keep up a continual bustle and firing in answer. Meanwhile all the best marksmen were stationed so as to command the approaches to the big gate on the south. The only fear was from the enemy forcing one of the entrances.

A brief, anxious pause now ensues. A low cluck of alarm is then heard from Kerr. "They are coming," and every porthole "colgn of vantage" is ready with its rifle.

A swarm of crouching, swarthy figures are now seen arising from their lurking places behind the river bluff, and towards the woods another dark cloud, ready to rush forward at the proper time. They are carrying some long, heavy object, with which doubtless to force the main gate. Girty's low voice is now clearly heard urging them, in Delaware, not to lose a moment, but let drive when all the whites are at the other side.

Fatal mistake! The whole garrison are just around that very gate. Every rifle covers its quarry. The word fire is given just as the savages are running forward with the battering ram for its first powerful blow.

A fearful volley is now poured forth. Forms are seen to drop. The massive gate-driver is deserted at once. Now it falls with a thud to the ground, and now the baffled savages—those who can—limp and slink away to their hiding places.

A loud, ringing cheer of triumph from the fort makes the welkin ring, and awakens the echoes of the surrounding hills.

Firing and alarms were still kept up all that night, but no formidable attack was made, nor could be made until morning. This the feeble and exhausted little band knew, and took great rest and comfort in the knowledge, for by that time surely Captain Boggs would be on hand with an ample force to relieve them. He ought to have been there long ere that.

About an hour after the signal repulse of the enemy from the south gate, and when all but two sentinels—Coony Stroop and Larry Donohue—had retired from that side, a dark form stealthily emerged from the woods and worked its way up to the sallyport. The wide-awake Irishman—who had borne his full share of the wearying fatigues of the siege, and had contributed greatly to encourage all by his great cheerfulness and ready, reckless courage—was walking proudly, rifle on shoulder, along his narrow *banquette*, casting an occasional watchful glance towards the woods.

All at once he espied this crouching figure, which looked more like a bear than a human being. Bringing his piece to a present, he challenged the object, whatever it was, as follows:

"Halt, be jabers! No step furder! Who the divil are yiz, anyhow, and phat are yiz skulking there for?"

The figure continued approaching, mumbling out some unintelligible jargon in English to "open de gate."

"Open the gate, is it, ye night owl, an' aye, shure, I'll open wun through yer inwards, ye snaking redskin, wid yer outlandish gibberish," and with that bang went the musket, and the dark unknown gave a half suppressed groan, and went limping off.

"Here, Cooney," shouted Larry, "I've sure kilt something an' moost bag my kill. Who knows—the Lord forgive me—but it's ould blackguard Girty himself," and Larry jumped down from his perch, unbarred the gate, and rushed forth. He soon came back out of the darkness, dragging with him a huge bulk of a person, whom he jerked roughly through the gate, closing it with a bang.

"Who is it? Who have you there, Larry?" were the queries from a knot of scouts who had been attracted by the shot and noise.

"Och, divil the wun o' me knows who he is, at all, at all, but I first shot him and then flanked and surrounded him. I'm thinking he's some grate chafe, or mebbe Girty himself, but he's so hurted he's amost frighted to death, and only says, 'Oh, Larry, Massa Larry, Massa!'"

"Give me a glint at him," said Ham Kerr, coming forward. "Girty, the devil, ha! ha! ha!" he roared out. "He's *black* as the devil, sure enough, for he's a nigger."

"A naygur, is it?" said Larry, with a comical look of disgust and annoyance on his face. "Och! blood an' ouns, an' I suspicioned he wor a grate chafe painted. An' what brings ye here, ye thafe? Wag yer tongue, ye ebony idol, or I'll not leave enough uv ye to physic a snipe."

"Oh, lorry, Massy!" cried the alarmed darkey, "I did tell ye frum de very fust I'se jist gone dead wid de scare. Oh, Maussa, Maussa, I'se feared you's done for old Pomp dis time. I's Captain Pratt's niggah, suah, and is desarted."

"Desarted, is it," said Larry, suspiciously; "a purty story! I'll go bail now you're but a slithering spy, ye hatch of satan. Come wid me, ye blackguard, to Miss Lyddy's crib, an' av I've kilt ye intirely, shure ye moost fault yer own-self wid all yer craping, secret, circumventing ways. I'm a dead shot, bedad, an' shure av I hadn't misdoubted ye its bored through an' through you'd be this blissed minit."

The fellow was now dragged to the guardhouse and carefully examined by Sullivan, but he steadily persisted in his story and begged for his life, revealing a good deal of information about the besiegers and their plans. Appearances, however, were against him. His wound was dressed, but the precaution taken to handcuff and halter him, and he was given in charge of Lydia Bogge. She used to assert, long afterwards, that she was ready at any time to tomahawk him had he attempted to escape.

The assault was continued, although in a harmless, desultory manner, all night; but in the morning the savages were found killing cattle, burning cabins, &c. About ten o'clock the Indian spies who had been sent out to watch the approach of any reinforcements, uttered some long, peculiar whoops, which the experienced scouts in the fort explained to be a signal for decamping. Scarcely had the echoes of these yells died away before the entire hostile array was seen running hastily towards the Ohio.

A glad and ringing shout went up from that little band of heroes, and in less than an hour after, Captains Boggs, Brady and Swearingen and Williamson, with seventy mounted riflemen from the adjacent stations, rode rapidly up to the relief of the fort. The enemy, however, were by this time far distant on their retreat.

"They had folded their tents like the Arabs
And silently stole away."

After raising the siege, a division of them visited the settlements on Short and Buffalo Creeks; but, by this time the settlers, warned by Captain Boggs, were securely gathered in block houses. The savages, however, surrounded Rice's Fort, on the latter stream, and demanded a surrender, saying:

"Give up! Give up! too many Injun! Injun too big! No kill! no kill!"

The brave and sturdy frontiersmen, however, thought differently, and boldly defied them, shouting, "Come on, ye cowards! We are ready for you. Show us your yellow hides and we'll hole them for you."

This was but a bold game of bluff, however, for there were but six men to make a defence, the rest having crossed the mountains for salt and provender.

The savages now lay by until night, and then set fire to a large barn which stood close by the fort, and by its light poured in a constant fire until two the next morning, when not being able to make an impression they hastily decamped.

One of the defenders was shot in the head through a port-hole, but the enemy had to leave behind four bodies in exchange.

Although redskin marauds and depredations continued against the back settlements for twelve years longer—down to the decisive victory over the Indians by Mad Anthony Wayne, in 1794—yet no expedition in force was ever after undertaken against Fort Henry or surrounding stations. The lesson there received was long remembered. Without cannon they knew they could accomplish nothing.

CHAPTER XCIX.

CONCLUSION.

Quiet being at length restored to the border, we will now, lest we should seem to "prattle out of fashion," gather up the scattered threads of our narrative and give conclusions.

Girty had spoken truly in stating he had married Kate Malott, just after the Crawford expedition. The groans of the poor, tortured colonel had scarce died out of his ears, ere he again wended his course to Detroit. There he found great rejoicing, and it was amid the festivities consequent upon the late victory, that his marriage took place.

Schuyler de Peyster, and his suite, honored the occasion with their presence. Notwithstanding Kate's love and trust, however, the happiness of her parents was not without alloy. Their hopes were mingled largely with fears for Kate's future. Mr. Malott, especially, was full of anxiety. His gratitude to Girty for services rendered himself and family, and for the rescue of Kate from what seemed a hopeless captivity, could not blind his eyes to the fact that, besides being a rabid tory and a renegade, Girty was a wild, restless, turbulent character—a man of strong, and, in times of drink, of unbridled passions.

The whole family now lived for a short time in peace and quiet, Girty making but one or two occasional excursions among the Ohio Indians. During the fall, as stated, he led more distant and important expeditions against the Kentucky and Ohio settlements. On his return from the Wheeling raid, bringing with him little Harry, the joy of the Malott family was complete.

Although peace was *nominally* declared between England and America the next year, it was not until 1796 that Detroit and other British posts were actually surrendered. The most of this long period of fourteen years was a perpetual struggle with jealous and warlike Indian tribes, aided by the British.

Detroit was the chief centre of all hostile movements. Thence did the savages receive not only their chief inspiration and instructions, but their supplies of arms, ammunition, etc. Thence Girty, Elliott, and McKee issued at all seasons, fomenting bad feelings, stirring up perpetual animosities and organizing formidable resistance.

Down to the year 1790, when the Indian war broke out again with increased violence, Girty was largely occupied in trading with the savages, and lived at various localities among them, chiefly at Girty's Point, on the Maumee River, five miles above Napoleon. Quite a number of places in Ohio, however, bear his name.

The ill-fated expeditions of General Harmer, in 1790, and of General St. Clair, in 1791, found him busy with his old associates, Elliott and McKee, in the council and in the field, and wielding much influence among the savage tribes. At their grand council held after St. Clair's disastrous and overwhelming defeat, Girty was the only white man permitted to be present, and his voice and influence were for continuing the war. At St. Clair's defeat he was present, and took an active part, receiving a severe sabre cut on the head. He is said to have found and recognized the body of General Richard Butler, second in command.

At another grand Indian conference held in 1793, Girty still thundered for war, and was especially active in organizing and marshaling the forces against Wayne in 1793. He was present at the decisive battle of the Fallen Timbers, fought the next year, which forever crushed the power of the confederate Indian tribes, and ended in the Treaty of Greenville, which at last brought peace.

Girty now sold his trading establishment on the St. Mary River, located at a place called Girty's town—now St. Marys—and went back to Detroit, where his growing family lived.

He seemed to be perpetually haunted by the fear of falling into American hands; and when Detroit was finally yielded by the British in 1796, and the boats, laden with our troops, came in sight, it is said he could not wait for the return of the ferryboat, but plunged his horse into the Detroit river and made for the Canada shore, pouring out a volley of curses, as he rode up the opposite bank, upon the American officers and troops.

He now settled quietly down on a farm near Malden, Canada, on the Detroit river, about fifteen miles below the city, and we hear no more of him until the war of 1812. During the invasion of Canada he followed the course of the British retreat, but returned to his family at Malden, and died in 1818, aged near seventy years, and totally blind.

William Walker saw him at Malden in 1813, and describes him as being broad across the chest, with strong, round, compact limbs, and apparently endowed by nature with great powers of endurance.

Mr. D. M. Workman, of Ohio, says:

"In 1813, I went to Malden and put up at a hotel kept by a Frenchman. I noticed in the bar-room a gray-headed and blind old man. The landlady, who was his daughter, a woman of about thirty years of age, inquired of me, 'Do you know who that is?' pointing to the old man. On my replying 'No,' she rejoined, 'It is Simon Girty.' He had then been blind about four years. In 1815, I returned to Malden, and ascertained that Girty had died a short time previous. Girty was a man of extraordinary strength, power of endurance, courage and sagacity. He was in height about five feet ten inches, and strongly made."

Do my readers ask whether Girty lived happily with Kate Malott. We have little information on this point. History is completely silent—we may add, ignorant—as to this marriage. Our information on this subject is derived from Lyman C. Draper, Esq., the most reliable and best informed historian now living, regarding western border history. He writes us that Girty took to hard drinking some time after his marriage, and for several years he and his wife lived apart. They raised, however, quite a large family. Mr. Draper saw one daughter, and some of the grandchildren; as also other descendants of the Malott family which likewise settled in Western Canada, and says they were "fine, worthy people, and some of the females quite attractive and intelligent."

Mr. Draper also writes us:

"Our border histories have given only the worst side of Girty's character. He had redeeming traits. He was uneducated—only a little above the average Indian I infer. He did what he could, unless infuriated by liquor, when, as Heckewelder states, he was boisterous, and probably dangerous. He certainly befriended Simon Kenton, and tried to save Crawford, but could not. In the latter case he had to dissemble somewhat with the Indians and a part of the time appear in their presence as if not wishing to befriend him, when he knew he could not save him, and did not dare to shoot him, as he himself was threatened with a similar fate."

This opinion of Girty is confirmed by our own researches, and so we have endeavored to draw his character, "nothing extenuating, and setting down naught in malice."

Lydia Boggs and Moses Shepherd were married at Wheeling, and both became very distinguished characters, not only on the Western border, but in Washington. He became a prominent merchant, contractor and country gentleman, and she, a woman of great force, energy and influence, distinguished for her beauty, wit and social rank, one of the leading and reigning women of her times, and a living epitome of Western progress.

Shortly after marriage the happy couple took up their residence at the forks of Wheeling Creek, some eight miles east of Wheeling, and near by Shepherd's Fort, erected by her husband's father during the Indian wars.

Colonel Shepherd was a large contractor on the National Road, which passed through the Shepherd estate, and early in the present century erected a spacious and elegant stone mansion on a beautiful promontory dividing Wheeling Creek. This sumptuous home—"Elm Grove" it was named, standing amid stately elms and maples—soon became historic, not alone for the generous and munificent hospitality dispensed there for over half a century, but for the number of illustrious men that visited and were entertained there.

Of the distinguished guests who were in the habit of enjoying the baronial hospitality of Colonel and Mrs. Shepherd we may mention Clay, Benton, Governor Edwards, Philip Doddridge, and many other prominent statesmen and men of letters. On one occasion President Munroe became their guest. Henry Clay stopped often on his way to or from Washington. He used to send his servant in advance with a note apprizing the Colonel and his lady of the approach of himself and family, and enquiring whether it would be convenient to entertain them.

Many others of the guests brought their families, and the ungrudging and bounteous hospitality with which all were entertained was something that, in the rude and plain simplicity of a Western border, savored of Oriental magnificence.

The mansion was constructed with especial design for the generous hospitality of which it was to become the centre. On such occasions the entire upper part was thrown into one spacious drawing-room, which, with all the other apartments, was finished and furnished in the best style of the day, the tapestry being manufactured especially for the rooms.

In recognition of the invaluable services of Henry Clay—the projector and steadfast friend of the National Pike—a costly and elaborate monument to the great statesman was erected at great expense, in full view of the mansion and near the pike. There it still stands, but greatly wasted and ravaged by "decay's effacing fingers," as well as by the vandalisms of party rancor.

Col. Shepherd's accounts as contractor remained long unsettled, and for many, many years he and his fashionable wife resided at Washington during the services of Congress. She dressed magnificently, entertained sumptuously, and moved in the most fashionable court circles of the day. Within recent years she decorated one whole side of her spacious drawing room with the attire in which she led the *beau monde* of other days. Her wardrobe was a veritable curiosity in its way.

Colonel Shepherd died in 1833, but the widow kept up her annual pilgrimages to the capital. It was during one of these visits that she met General Cruger, of New York, to whom she was soon after married, this bride of over seventy being then described as "gay, proud and ambitious. Her eye was undimmed, and her cheeks glowed with the beauty of fifty."

General Cruger died in 1843, and was "gathered to his fathers," but still the widow's Washington visits continued, and Dr. Wills De Hass, her biographer, asserts that he met her there in 1850 and escorted her to President Taylor's levee. "She was then eighty-six years of age, and not one of the least observed on that brilliant occasion."

No wonder that Clay used to style her "One of the Corinthian columns of the Republic," and to predict that she would live to be a hundred. She lived to surpass the prophecy, only succumbing to the arch destroyer so late as November, 1857, aged one hundred and three.

During her protracted and eventful life she ever displayed the same strong, brave, positive, energetic traits. Her's was a character of unusual force and resoluteness. Whether as a barefooted girl swimming the Ohio river to Boggs' island for her cows; as a beautiful maiden moulding bullets and loading rifles at the siege of Fort Henry; as a thrifty woman of business, riding on horseback, with her saddle pockets lined with silver, all the way to Philadelphia, or as a venerable widow taking sole charge of an immense country estate; running mills, shops and other improvements; managing her slaves and dependants, she was ever the same—a woman of wit, courage, sagacity, resolution and unflagging industry.

When almost a hundred years old, suit was brought by some of the third generation of those waiting for her immense estate, on the ground that she was superannuated and incompetent to manage her affairs. Did this frighten her? Not a whit of it! She bustled into Wheeling, managed her own case, and gained it with ease, proving by a "cloud of witnesses" that her large estate was better fenced, more productive, in finer order, and her dependants more comfortably cared for than any farm in Ohio county.

Neither marriage of Mrs. Cruger was blessed with children. She was of a square, compact physique, of great equanimity of spirits, shrewd, wide-awake and full of lively talk and repartee, lived frugally, was scarcely ever ill, and would never permit any of her relatives to reside with or wait on her.

Altogether a wonderful old lady! No wonder she began to think all mortal but herself. She never made a will; clung tenaciously to life, and lived as if she thought her property was to remain, as she frequently said, "mine, all mine forever!"

The marriage of Captain Brady with the gentle Drusilla Swearingon also occurred not very long after the siege of Wheeling. Her father afterwards settled just above the present town of Wellsburg, W. V., erecting a block-house there, and Brady settled at West Liberty, W. Va.

In introducing this character it was stated that he was but twenty-six years old, and that for "a full score of years after he was the savages' fell destroyer." We could fill a volume with the daring and wonderful exploits of this keen-eyed and lion-hearted Indian tracker. In woodcraft even Boone was not his equal, and in reckless daring Lew Wetzell was scarcely his superior. He ever avoided beaten paths and the borders of streams, and never was known to leave his track behind him. He was often vainly hunted by his own band, by whom he was almost worshipped.

Beaver valley, Pa., was the scene of many of his most stirring adventures. The most remarkable, perhaps, of his many feats, was his marvelous leap of twenty-eight feet across the Cuyahoga river, where its mad, boiling current was confined within a rocky gorge, and his subsequent successful concealment in a lake, wholly submerged under water, while breathing through the hollow stem of a lily, or some other water plant.

We have been assured that the tender heart of Drusilla suffered untold agonies by reason of her husband's reckless and exposed life. His scouts generally lasted two or three weeks at a time, and every hour beyond the period fixed for his return would be torture to her. Their meetings after such protracted absences were very affecting. Brady died at West Liberty, leaving two sons, both now deceased.

And who was the mysterious Major John Rose, and what became of him?

our readers may be tempted to inquire. We hasten to answer, for the life and services of this gallant gentleman have only lately become a highly interesting part of American history.

After the war he left Fort Pitt, and served for a time as Secretary of the Council of Censors, and was afterwards engaged in adjusting General Irvine's account with the government at Philadelphia. This done to the General's complete satisfaction, the Major wrote him that he expected to leave for Europe the next week, but would write again before he sailed.

This good-bye letter came in due time, and in it the Major returned heartfelt thanks for the kind and generous treatment he had ever received from General Irvine and family, and expressed regret that he had so long kept an important secret from his benefactor. He then disclosed the interesting fact that his name was not John Rose, but Gustavus H. De Rosenthal, a Baron of the empire of Russia. He had left Russia because of having killed within the precincts of the Emperor's palace a nobleman, in a duel brought on by a blow which his antagonist had given to an aged uncle in his presence. He had then fled to England, and thence to the United States, taking service in the Continental army, and finding his way to Fort Pitt in the manner already detailed. Through the mediation of his family the Emperor Alexander had at last pardoned him, and graciously permitted his return, and now he was about embarking for Amsterdam.

By the kindness of Dr. Wm. A. Irvine, of Warren county, Pennsylvania, and grandson of General Irvine of Fort Pitt, we have had the pleasure of inspecting a series of highly interesting letters received by the Irvine family from Baron de Rosenthal, then advanced to the dignity of Grand Marshal of Lavonia. These letters are mainly dated at Revel, Russia, and abound in expressions of the warmest affection and gratitude to General Irvine for his kind and generous treatment of him. He seems to be anxious for the "Eagle and Order of Cincinnati," to which he was entitled, and adds, "the first man himself" (meaning the emperor) "has been asking about it, and desires I should wear it."

In one, of date March 1st, 1823, he writes about the value of a tract of land in Venango county, Penna., granted by the State of Pennsylvania, in consideration of his valuable services, and has not yet given up hopes of making a trip to America.

Since commencing our story, we learn that a power of attorney had been received in Venango county, so late as 1859, from the heirs of Sir Gustav Heinrich de Rosenthal, Captain of the Knighthood of the Province of Esthonia in Russia, with authority to sell and convey these lands, which of late years have become quite valuable.

Baron de Rosenthal seems to have recovered from his early American attachment, since his fine letter, dated August 4th, 1806, announces that out of five children but three then lived, and of these the oldest daughter was married, the youngest daughter was at boarding-school at St. Petersburg, and his son was studying law at Moskwa.

The Baron Rosenthal died in 1830, and so the name of this brave and patriotic Russian must be added to those of Lafayette, Steuben, Pulaski, De Kalb, and the galaxy of noble foreigners who made haste to peril their lives in our Revolutionary struggle.

Of Killbuck we need only state that he lived to be quite an old man, and ever remained the warm and attached friend of the Americans. At the time we take him up he was about forty-five years old, having been born in Pennsylvania in 1737, though he himself was a Delaware. Killbuck was baptized in 1788, and then proceeded to Princeton College to be educated, taking the name of Wm. Henry Gellelemend. He died at Goshen, Ohio, in 1810. Killbuck was a very common name among the Ohio chiefs, but none of them was so noted for his virtues and services, or so respected for his many estimable qualities as the one who figures in our romance.

Of the beautiful and spirited Betty Zane, we have but meagre information to furnish. Her long life was of a quiet, domestic character, passed chiefly in Wheeling or neighborhood. She remained long single, and yet lived to bury two husbands. We have within the present year conversed with one of her grandsons, and she has left many descendants throughout Western Virginia and Eastern Ohio.

And now, having safely brought our characters through all their perils, we reluctantly take leave of our patient readers, with the hope that our story, which has, indeed, proved to us "a labor of love," has not been written in vain, but that it may serve to beget in them a keener relish for the stirring incidents of our Western Border, and a greater respect and admiration for its heroic pioneer men and women.

"*The web is woven; the woof is spun.*"

[THE END].

WHERE PERFUMES COME FROM.

Our fair readers may be interested to learn where, for the most part, the flowers grow, the sweet perfumes of which are found in those pretty flagons on their dressing-tables. The chief places of their growth are the south of France and Piedmont, namely, Montpelier, Grasse, Nimes, Cannes and Nice; these two last especially are the paradise of violets, and furnish a yearly product of about 13,000 pounds of violet blossoms. Nice furnishes a harvest of 100,000 pounds of orange blossoms, and Cannes as much again, and of a finer color; 550 pounds of orange blossoms yielding about two pounds of Neroli oil. At Cannes the acacia thrives well, and produces yearly about 9000 pounds of acacia blossoms. One great perfumery distillery at Cannes uses yearly 140,000 pounds of rose leaves, 32,000 pounds of jessamine blossoms, 20,000 pounds of violets and 8000 pounds of tuberoses, together with a great many other sweet herbs. The extraction of the ethereal oils, the small quantities of which are mixed in the flowers with such large quantities of other vegetable juices that it requires about 600 pounds of rose leaves to win one ounce of otto of roses, demands a very careful treatment. The French, favored by their climate, are the most active, although the most careful, preparers of perfumes; half of the world is furnished by this branch of their industry.

CHILL PENURY weighs down the heart itself, and though it sometimes be endured with calmness, is but the calmness of despair.

A TRUE WIFE.

BY Z. K. L.

When Edward Farnham and Fanny Holcombe got married, Fanny's aunt, Martha Painter, declared that they were "a couple of babies, and would soon have to be brought home to be nursed." Grandma and grandpa Painter shared their maiden daughter's fears, but not her spite, and hoped for the best.

The young people had commenced life at the very foot of the ladder, and they were not ashamed to conform in all things to their narrow circumstances. They must now walk in the dust of the road traveled by many weary feet; but above them were the broad, free spaces of serene air and cloudless sunlight, and thither they would be ever tending.

Something of this, in plain and few words, Edward Farnham embodied in his letter to Mr. Painter. Fanny would have a little fortune on the death of her grandfather; but till then neither she nor Edward would allow of any sacrifice of the modest comforts of the dear old home, so needed in their old age by those they loved so well. They were young and strong, and willing to work industriously and fare plainly until Fortune smiled upon them, as she would sooner or later. And so, with many thanks for proffered aid, and a thousand loving questions and messages, the letter closed.

"We were mistaken, Martha," grandpa said, as he finished reading the letter, and laid it upon the table with his spectacles atop, "both of us mistaken, as folks often are in pronouncing sudden judgments. Edward and Fanny are realities in this age of humbug. Edward means to work, and he's got a helpmate, and I look upon his fortune as good as made. You'll see if I ain't right; and one of these years, when your poor old father and mother have lain down beside Fanny's mother in the churchyard, you'll make your home with them, and it'll be a right good, substantial, and handsome home, too, that they'll make you welcome to."

The old man's prophecy was fulfilled, but years had passed, and each had brought its trials and its struggles, its days of toil, its disappointments, as well as the golden fruitions of steady industry and unremitting care.

Fanny had no thought of being idle while Edward worked. He would have gone to the very extent of his salary, and perhaps, in his anxiety, beyond it, to save her fatigue and care, to place and keep her in a position of proximate comfort to that which she had enjoyed at home. But here Fanny's own good sense stepped in, as that of every true-hearted woman should, to prevent an act of almost suicidal folly.

"We know just what we have to live on, Edward, and must not go beyond that. Let us make our expenses within, rather than quite up to our means, and then we shall not only contract no debts, but any extraordinary expenditure, as of sickness, will not embarrass us. Above all, let us be independent now; and when my little fortune comes in, you will be ready, perhaps, to start in business on your own account, or know how to invest it to the best advantage."

Fanny was more right than she apprehended, and Edward lived to see the time when he was far more willing to acknowledge it than he was when first they discussed their plans. Steadily he worked on. He was only a clerk, with a salary that, to a "fast" young man, would scarcely have sufficed for dress and cigars. Yet he and Fanny continued to live upon it, and to lay by something. They saw the wisdom of their course, when the first babe was born, and the attendant expenses of Fanny's illness; for the waste and extravagance of the girl who reigned in the kitchen during the time quite exhausted all they had been able to save.

Fanny's savings had been swept away, and they were again dependent on Edward's salary alone; but fortunately it had been raised, as his industry and energy had been so apparent to his employers as to induce them gladly to give him a fair compensation for such services.

About this time Fanny sat down to write her aunt Martha; a little tearful, a little tremulous, but firmly resolved to execute her purpose, which was to decline a visit from her aunt, who had offered to come, a second time, to watch over her dear child in her hour of peril.

"I have an excellent woman already here," she wrote, "who will be housekeeper, nurse, and maid of all work. Don't fear that I shall not have good attention. I shall do very well; Edward is so kind, and little Martha is not in the least troublesome. I must not take you from home when my grandfather and mother need you so much; and besides, to tell the whole truth, we cannot afford the expense of another inmate. I know what you would say to this confession, but we must be independent. We will neither incur debts nor obligations in money matters."

Six years have passed since Fanny made this sacrifice to her sense of right, for it was a sacrifice, as any woman knows. She has made many since; but none, I think, that have gone so hard with her. But every year has seen some gain, some less need of the extreme watchfulness over minor expenses. And a wise economy has never been allowed to merge into miserly habits. In the days of their extremest poverty the poor never went unfed or unaided from Edward Farham's door; nor were the home comforts of her husband ever lost sight of by his loving wife.

Every year Fanny had some good tidings to communicate to the dear ones at home. Now it was that Edward had made a step in his employment, with an increase of salary. Now a judicious investment of the aggregate of many little savings had swelled the sum that was by-and-by to establish him in business; now he had a prospect of partnership sooner or later in the firm he had so long served.

Last year Fanny went from her home, on a visit of several weeks, to a distance from home. While absent, she received a letter from her husband, begging her to return on a certain day, as it seemed likely that they would be obliged to remove from the house they were then occupying. The letter was brief, and somewhat unsatisfactory; but Fanny, like a good wife, stifled her anxiety, and obeyed her husband's summons.

Edward met her at the station with an open carriage, and proposed to drive round and look at some houses, before going home. The carriage entered a quiet, pleasant road in the suburbs of the town.

"Here is a house which a friend of mine has lately purchased; I should like you to see it," Edward said, as they stopped in front of a neat, roomy cottage, standing in the midst of a large, handsome garden; and putting aside her fears of intrusion, he lifted her from the carriage, followed by the children, and went up the garden walk.

Entering without ceremony, he led her from room to room, enjoying her heartfelt praises of the furniture and decorations, the pleasant apartments, the many conveniences with which the house abounded. Parlor, and drawing-room, and sleeping apartments had been examined, and then they passed towards that part of the house which contained the kitchen and offices. Pausing for a moment, Edwasd threw open a door, and discovered a dining-room, with a substantial dinner smoking upon the table. To Fanny's surprise, her own faithful domestic approached her with smiles of welcome, at the same time that her husband requested her to lay aside her bonnet and take her place at the table. Smiling at her bewilderment, he proceeded to help her to take off her shawl, then led her to the head of the table, where, with a kiss, he seated her and welcomed her to her new home.

"Our home, my love, our very own, I assure you," he said, when the first tumult of surprise was over, and the viands were being discussed with tolerable calmness. "Changes have occurred since you left me. I am clerk no longer, but partner in the firm, with a large share in the profits, considering that I had no capital of consequence, independent of my business habits. Mr. Page advised me to buy this property at the very time he offered the partnership; and he and his partner furnished the house, as a token of their appreciation of my services in detecting that swindling concern last winter, by which I saved them some thousands of dollars. It is all ours, secured in your name. With life and health, my fortune is safe now, and we shall enjoy here the fruits of all our toils and sacrifices."

That very evening the doors of the cottage were thrown open, and the friends of Edward and Fanny flocked in to welcome them to their new home. Mrs. Page had planned and prepared this housewarming, and her gift was the handsome dress in which Fanny appeared as mistress of the house.

Edward and Fanny watched the departure of the last lingering guest, till he had closed the garden gate behind him, when the husband turned and clasping the dear partner of his life to his heart, said, "For wedded joys, for all soothing and encouragement, for principles confirmed, for industry stimulated, for a wife's and children's love, for happy prospects and assured successes, for a home of peace and beauty, I thank thee, dearest one; and for all these blessings, chiefest for giving me thee, I thank the Father of all mercies."

And so, with arms entwined and hearts full of joy and gratitude, they again entered their delightful habitation, and sought the peaceful slumbers that wait all loving, trustful workers, who reap the rewards of toil.

THE FLOATING GARDENS OF CASHMERE.

An important use, made of the abundant water surface of Cashmere, is the formation of floating gardens. Various aquatic plants spring from the bottom of the lakes, as water lilies, conferva, sedges, reeds, etc., and as the boats which traverse the waters take, generally, the shortest lines they can pursue to the place of their destination, the lakes are, in some places, cut, as it were, in avenues among the plants, which, in shallows, are separated by beds of sedges and of reeds. In the later places the neighboring farmer attempts to establish his cucumber and melon floats, by cutting off the roots of the aquatic plants just mentioned, about two feet under the water, so that they completely lose all connection with the bottom of the lake, but retain their former situation in respect to each other. When thus detached from the soil they are pressed into somewhat closer contact, and formed into beds of about two yards breadth, and of an indefinite length. The heads of the sedges, reeds, and other plants of the floats, are now cut off and laid upon its surface, and covered with a thin coat of mud, which, at first, intersected in its descent, gradually sinks into the mass of matted roots. The bed floats, but is kept in its place by a stake of willow driven through it at each end, which admits of its rising or falling, in accommodation to the rise or fall of the water. By means of a long pole thrust among the weeds at the bottom of the lake from the side of a boat, and turned round several times in the same direction, a quantity of conferva and other plants is torn off from the bottom, and carried in the boat to the platform, where the weeds are twisted into conical mounds about two feet in diameter at their base, and of the same height, terminating at the top in a hollow, which is filled with soft, fresh mud, drawn from the bottom of the lake, to which sometimes wood ashes are added, though much more frequently omitted. The farmer has in preparation a large number of cucumber and melon plants, which have been raised under mats, and of these, when they have four leaves, he places three plants in the basin of every cone or mound, of which a double row runs along the edge of every bed, at about two feet distance from each other. No further care is necessary, except that of collecting the fruit, and the expense of preparing these platforms and cones is confined to the value of their labor, which altogether is trifling, as the work is very soon done. Perhaps a more economical method of raising cucumbers cannot be devised, and though the narrow beds are ordinarily almost in contact by their sides, yet, by their flexible nature, they are so separable that a small boat may be readily pushed between the lines without injuring their structure, and, for the most part, they will bear a man's weight; but, generally, the fruit is picked off from the boat. We traversed a tract of about fifty acres of these floating gardens of cucumbers and melons, and saw not above half a dozen unhealthy plants; nor have we seen, in the cucumber and melon grounds in the vicinity of very populous cities in Europe or in Asia, so large an expanse of plant in a state equally healthy, though it must be observed, without running into luxuriance of growth.

POLITENESS is to a man what beauty is to a woman. It creates an instantaneous impression in his behalf, while the opposite quality exercises as quick a prejudice against him.

SARA.

BY SUSANNA J.

I am looking at you, Sara,
Wond'ring in my silent gaze
Does a wave of human trouble
Ever ripple o'er your days?
Are you always calm and queenly,
Smiling as I see you now,
With your golden hair like sunshine
Softly wearing off your brow—
With your glance, half sweet, half scornful,
Telling of untroubled hours—
With your footstep, free and graceful,
Never falling but on flow'rs?

Yet not always lies your pathway
Under sunny Summer skies;
There's the shadow of a sorrow
Lying in your calm gray eyes.
I have heard a broken story
Of a love once given you—
How your soul bowed down before it,
As a weaker soul might do.
Till you learnt a worldly lesson,
Then you scorned and passed him by;
But the shadow of that sorrow
In your eyes will never die.

"He was wild," you say, "and careless,
Wand'ring far on Pleasure's track."
Ah, but Sara, woman's mission
Is to bring those lost ones back.
Had you made your love a beacon,
Pointing to the Better Land,
He had haply reached it, guided
By the touch of your white hand.
I am looking at you, Sara,
And regretful thoughts arise—
Mournful fancies and romances—
From the shadow in your eyes.

A GIFT FROM HEAVEN!

BY PIERCE EGAN.

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "Violet; or, the Wonder of Kingswood Chase," "Her First Love," Etc., Etc., Etc.,

CHAPTER XIX.—[CONTINUED.]

The next day Lao did not face Harcourt, but pleading headache and general indisposition, kept her chamber, and employed herself in constructing an advertisement to be inserted in the second column of the *Times*.

"She fears me," he said, to himself, with a smile. "I will go down to Tattenham to-morrow, and after I have seen that my darling girl has been placed in a first rate establishment—for she has a vast deal more to unlearn than to learn—I'll invent a story to enable me to bring that boy up to London with me, and introduce him to Lao. What a countermine he will be for any she intends to spring upon me."

And that brought a memory into play. As soon as the recollection recurred to him, he walked straight to Lao's boudoir, and, entering it without any announcement, found her occupied in writing. She flushed a scarlet as she saw him, then became pale as ashes. She shuffled up the papers together into a little disordered heap, and placed over them a writing case. He did not affect to take notice of them, but he saw that several of the sheets contained words with spaces between them, and were arranged in a systematic way. He said, quietly, and in his old way, as though there had been no scene whatever between them the night before:

"Sorry you are not well, Lao. The excitement of 'La Traviata' is too much for you. The woman looks too like the sure approach of death to be really agreeable."

She started, and looked up at him with her great, lightning-like eyes.

"You were struck with it, too, I observed," she responded, showing her teeth. "I thought she looked more like a drowning girl——"

"Than a poisoned lover," he rasped out, with a scowl.

Then he waved his hand impatiently, and continued:

"I did not visit you to have scorpion-tongued passages with you, Lao, but to tell you that I shall not dine with you to-day."

"Thoughtful still," she sneered; then affecting to yawn, added, "I have grown accustomed to your absences of late—you see I survive them."

Inwardly ruffled by her contemptuous tone, outwardly he made no sign.

"I dine with Hardcastle at the Beaudesert," he proceeded, as if imparting to her a very matter-of-fact piece of information. "Some men who move in high circles have been invited to meet me."

She leaned back in her chair and yawned again, casting a furtive glance at the same time on those loose sheets of note paper she had so hastily huddled together on his abrupt entrance.

"It does not interest me to know with whom you will dine," she rejoined, indifferently.

"It will, I think."

"Why?"

"One man especially I am anxious to meet, and I fancy you will feel some interest in our meeting."

She only raised her eyes questioningly, yet it seemed listlessly.

"He seems to know a great deal about you," he said.

She turned her colorless face sharply to him, with a penetrating glance.

"About me!" she ejaculated; "absurd! You know that is untrue."

He slightly raised his shoulders.

"Not at all. He spoke of years ago."

"Spoke of years ago—to whom? You?"

"Not to me. He will."

"What is his name?"

"Clare Templemore."

Whether Harcourt intended it or not, his voice sounded in her ear like the blast of a trumpet; but it numbed instead of awakening her into life.

She heard the door close with a loud clang, and she knew that Harcourt had departed; but if she had impulsively desired to call him back, her voice was denied to her—she was choking, suffocating.

Templemore—oh, but she knew he was living now—and Harcourt meet! The thought was appalling. Meet—her name to be tossed up in the air between the two men; the feather to be blown to and fro—blasted, withered by their killing breaths. No, it must not be. A time, and not far hence, perchance might come, and she would laugh in hilarious scorn at the encounter; but it must not take place now. No, not if in sudden and eager quarrel each blew out the other's brains.

But how prevent it?

She paced her chamber with disordered step. An idea had at once come to her assistance; but it troubled and disquieted her, for she entwined her fingers and tossed them in the air, and writhed like one wrestling in the folds of a serpent, yet at length she succumbed to its promptings.

"They must not meet yet," she said, with white, compressed lips; "and he alone can prevent it."

She summoned her maid and sent her on a distant errand. She attired herself in a quiet promenade suit, most unlike her accustomed wear, and glided away unnoticed from the hotel among a little group of loud-talking, laughing triflers, who were quitting the hall at the same moment.

Traversing to and fro, wearying inquiries, disappointments, rebuffs, ended at last in finding her seated in a bachelor's luxurious chamber, muffled up, and deeply veiled, awaiting—the very incarnation of Impatience on a leather chair.

A heavy step ascended the staircase, and the door was thrown open by a valet.

He pointed to Lao, whose features and form were indistinguishable.

"This lady desires to see you, colonel," he said.

"Alone," she murmured, huskily. "Your ear alone must receive what I have to communicate."

She was standing now, and the eyes of Colonel De Rougemont ran over the outlines of her form. He waved his hand to his valet.

"Go below, Starbuck, and stay there till I ring."

The man disappeared, closing the door behind him.

"Now, madam," exclaimed the colonel, "we are alone. To what may I attri——"

Lao threw up her veil, and a loud exclamation escaped his lips.

"I have not a moment to spare. I want your aid," she exclaimed, excitedly.

"Command me, dear Mrs. Harcourt."

"I spoke once to you of Templemore—you remember?"

He nodded.

"My—Har—my husband, Harcourt, is invited to meet him at a dinner party to-day."

"Yes; I am aware of that."

"They must not meet."

"Why not?"

"If they do, you must never see me more."

"Mrs. Harcourt!"

"I say that you must prevent that meeting at any and every cost, or never see me more."

He looked astounded, paced the room in deep thought, but abruptly pausing, he mused, and then fixed his eyes upon her with a direct gaze, and said, in a lower but more decided tone:

"And if I do this, my reward will be——"

"Do it! Name your reward! When you have done it it is yours."

"Enough," he said, and drew out his watch. "Egad, there will not be too much time; but consider it done, my charm——"

"Stand back," she cried, in a peremptory tone; "not a word, a look, a touch now. Do this I ask of you, and consult the second colum of the *Times* with this key to aid you."

She tossed him a sealed envelope, and before he could respond she had opened the door and vanished from his sight.

He heard her rapid step down the stairs and the outer door close, and then, folding his arms, a smile, like that which is usually appropriated by Mephistopheles in works of art crossed his features, and he observed:

"I know where to pitch on Templemore, and how to dispose of him for to-night at least. So the little woman is mine almost without a struggle. How deuced odd!"

CHAPTER XX.

"YOU ARE THE MAN!"

Harcourt's eyes did not deceive him when quitting the crush room of the Opera House. It was Floye's face he had seen, looking scarcely a day older, and certainly fresher, healthier, and happier than when he parted with her—looking so much more lovely—so sweetly, purely lovely—that he felt utterly bewildered when he tried to think how he had schooled himself to part with her forever—if she had assented to his iniquitous scheme—with comparative complacency.

Accompanied by Reginald Ringwood, old Deborah Keyne and Panther, she had arrived in London from Cornwall, and as might be expected, there the clue to Harcourt and Giftie was checked; but more hopeful than she had been throughout the whole of the past ten years, she took up her abode in a fashionable quarter of the West End, where furnished houses are always to be had at a few hours' notice, and set herself, with Reginald's aid, to track out the place to which Harcourt had taken Giftie.

To this end she walked and rode in the parks and various parts of London, visited the exhibitions, places of amusement, and, as we have seen, the opera, while Deb Keyne traversed the streets with the dog, and in three or four instances got herself into trouble in some poor neighborhoods where ragged gutter children swarmed, for they were unaccustomed to the costume she wore, and "very much admired" when they beheld it. They followed her in throngs, howled lustily in chorus at her, went so far as to pelt her with mud, and would, perhaps, have gone farther but for Panther and an accidental policeman.

At first the labor went unrewarded, but that visit to the Opera brought its reward. Floye had been attracted by Lao's wondrous face at first, because she thought it strangely beautiful, then because she found that she was herself an object of attention to her, and lastly, when she saw her in the crush room, because then it filled her with fear, it looked so like that of a wild, savage animal ready to spring upon her and rend her limb from limb.

But she had not seen the face of him who in the crush room stood at her side. Reginald had; and as he gazed on the fawn-colored moustache, the fawn-brown, shining hair, kept so orderly, the shifty light eye, something seemed to tell him—"this is my man."

He purposely loitered on the stairway until he heard a linkman bawl out:

"Mrs. Harcourt's carridge!"

He gave that man a crown and an address, and bade him find out where Mr. Harcourt resided, and bring the information to him. The next day he learned that Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt had recently returned to England from abroad, and for the present were occupying apartments at the Cavendish in Grosvenor Square.

That same day he presented himself to Floye immediately after he had received the linkman at his chambers, and in the course of conversation said, as if an idea had suddenly struck him:

"By the way, Floye, the old Cornish dame says of the little girl Giftie, of whom we are in search, that she only resembles you in some respects. Do you imagine she would be also like some one else?"

"Him? Yes," she responded, quickly, "I think it very probable. Why?"

"I never saw Ais," he remarked, emphasizing the last words as if speaking of a loathsome reptile. "Of course, such a puppy would be sure to have a photo of himself done."

"He did. A most exact likeness it is," she returned, quietly, but with a half-suppressed sigh.

He bit his nether lip, yet, without altering his manner or tone, he added:

"Of course he decorated you with that order of merit with his own hand?"

She smiled faintly and sadly.

"He did, and I thought it such then," she answered, with a sigh.

"Undoubtedly you put your heel on it long ago, and shivered it to a million fragments, eh, Floye?"

She shook her head gravely.

"I wear it still," she replied, quietly.

Two red round spots flew up to his cheeks, and his eyes sparkled like diamonds. But one glance at her face, two or three uprisings in his throat, and he was passive again.

Having made quite sure he could speak steadily, he presently observed, suggestively:

"It strikes me that we should leave no precaution unthought of. Would it not be as well that I should see that precious order of merit, in order to help me to trace a resemblance to him in the face of the little girl of whom we are in search, if one exists?"

Floye mused for a minute or more, paced the room with some little agitation, and then looked at Reginald's face. It struck her that it had a pained expression even as his voice had had a wounded tone, and impulsively she drew a fine gold chain from about her neck to which a large locket was attached, and which was always kept hidden in a small pocket on the left of her waistband. She opened it and handed it to him.

The photograph was indeed a good one, and had been, at her expense, exquisitely painted to represent an enamel. Reginald examined it with eyes which would have been appropriate in the head of a starving wolf in a raving fever for want of one especial morsel to sate his appetite. But though instinctively he champed his teeth together, he succeeded in suppressing the outburst of fiery wrath which was in flames within his breast.

After perusing every feature very attentively, he abruptly put both locket and chain into his waistcoat pocket.

"I had better keep them, Floye," he remarked, as though his throat had been just flayed with spirit flame. "I can look at it again and again, you know, if only for amusement."

"No, Regy," she returned, decisively, and with an unmistakable grave face. "Return it to me. It is the portrait of my—husband—and—he lives."

Reginald took locket and chain out of his waistcoat pocket as if they were red hot, and instantly restored them to her.

"I beg your pardon, Floye," he replied, in a quick tone of deprecation. "Forgive me; I am thoughtless, but in truth I am not heedless."

She turned her eyes on him with a softened, earnest expression in them.

"I know you, Regy," she responded, in a gentle, pensive voice. "Alas! it is I who should sue to you for pardon for having afflicted you with a blighted life."

"Don't say that, Floye," he cried, jumping to his feet. "I've been a happy man these ten years. I might have been happier if my soul's wish could have been gratified. Still, you have given me good work to do, and, oh! my dear, my better angel, I owe to you being spared the woe of a blighted life."

Perhaps there was a rush of scalding water to his eyes as he said this with intense earnestness.

Floye's, as she gazed up at the broad canopy of heaven, were undoubtedly overflowing with glittering moisture, but a minute or so's silence brought composure to both.

Then she said, with a slightly flushed face:

"I did not suppose you would have cared to be burdened with that photograph, so I never thought to vex you by showing it to you, but now I understand your notion, and I think it sagacious. I will show you another I have, and which I will lend you, if you wish to keep one by you to compare at any moment with the face of one who may prove to be my long-lost treasure."

He nodded assent. The slight quivering of his upper lip showed that he was too excited to say a word.

She at once proceeded to a writing-case, and brought forth a small quilted, faded, violet satin wallet, the counterpart of the one in which Harcourt carried her photograph—indeed, he had given it to her. From one of its receptacles she took out an uncolored half-length *carte de visite*, and handed it to him.

His fingers trembled as he laid hold of it, but he neither snatched nor seized it, though his will went in that direction, and he devoured it with his eyes.

Harcourt was seated, with his arm resting on a small table with a vase of flowers on it, and there was a little bouquet of pansies in his drooping hand. He had called them heart's-ease, but now they seemed more fitting as symbols for thoughts. The expression on his face was that of a seraph, quite beatific, as though to say, "Am I not a love?"

"What a—a—an idiotic smirk!" thought Reginald, with the sickness of disgust, as he consigned it to the interior of a pocketbook, which he thrust into the breast-pocket of his morning coat.

"A striking likeness, of course," he ventured to remark.

"Life itself," she answered, with a little more *verve* than he cared to hear.

"He looks an unbounded pup," he remarked, *sotto voce*. "What a linen-draper's shopman he would have made!"

It comforted him to utter this little bit of spiteful sarcasm, which Floye affected not to hear, but it by no means represented the real state of his feelings.

It was when he bade her good night, and was wending his way to his chambers, that he muttered:

"The next thing—early in the morning—will be a visit to the Cavendish. I shall know my man—and he shall know me. Firstly, for a sporting bet of ten thousand, I wring out of him where he has bestowed the child; for Floye's sake I'll have that bit of information. Next—when that is satisfactorily settled—there will be my account to arrange with him. Two suns may shine in one hemisphere for aught I care, but he and I do not live while one can claim Floye."

The next morning, having dressed himself with some care, to evidence that

his position in the social scale was equal to that of the man he was about to encounter, he sauntered up the steps of the Cavendish, entered the spacious hall, inquired for Mr. Harcourt, and, on learning that he was within, sent up a message that a gentleman desired an interview with him on a matter of deep personal interest to him, which forbade any delay, that he refrained from sending up his name, but would make himself known at the interview.

Harcourt was alone in the breakfast room as the page entered, but Leo, from whom he had imagined the sound proceeded, was not visible.

The message was a strange one, and Harcourt could not tell what to make of it. His head ached from the effects of a late evening at the Beaudesert, where he had failed to find the man whom alone he had gone to meet, but where he had played *écarté*, had won heavily, and drank far more than was his wont; he was, indeed, attired for a saunter in the park, to cool his fevered brow.

He asked for a description of the person who had sent the message, and on receiving it he at once supposed that it was one of the losers of the previous evening, whose I. O. U. he held. He therefore ordered him to be shown into a morning room, and he would attend him in a few minutes.

He poured himself out a tumbler of claret, and drank it off. Then he smiled to himself, and shrugged his shoulders.

"It was impossible for him to see how I tutored the cards," he muttered.

And affecting to murmur an air from an opera, he entered the morning room and closed the door behind him.

A gentleman rose from his seat and looked him steadfastly in the face. He moved past him, and placing his back against the door, gazed straight into his eyes, and said:

"You are the man!"

One flash of the sight on Reginald's face, on which the morning light shone brightly, and Harcourt recognized him. It was upon his arm that Floye was leaning as she passed through the crush room at the opera!

What a crashing stampede of thoughts—what a rabble rout of memories, like a scud of dead leaves tempest-borne—swept through his brain, and for the time deprived him of strength and motion!

All his dastardly acts of selfishness to Floye obtruded themselves vividly on his recollection, and the final parting with her was as hideously, palpably present as though he had just emerged from the river, and stood upon the brink shivering and dripping.

He examined Reginald's features anxiously. Save that he had seen him at the opera, he knew him not. He was, of course, an emissary from Floye; but of what kind?

In what relation did he stand to her, and what were his designs upon him?

The old hard lessons taught by equivocal situations in his days of impecuniosity did not desert him now, and with an effort he collected himself, and made at least an effort to appear self-possessed; indeed, Reginald silently confessed to himself that his features had more decision in them than he had expected to find, and had no longer that smirk which in the photograph was so offensive in his eyes.

Harcourt cleared his throat.

"Of course I am the man," he responded, loftily; "every man is so who is identified. You inquired for Mr. Harcourt. I am Mr. Harcourt—therefore the man. What do you want of me? Who are you?"

Reginald folded his arms, and answered in a slow, incisive tone:

"I am *the man* who one night, ten years ago, was riding my horse upon the turnpike road which skirts the Stour and leads to Wimborne, when, at the ferry-house, I heard a boy screaming and yelling for help, and on gaining the river's brink I saw, eddying round and slowly disappearing, the white face of a drowning girl. I dragged her out, swam my horse across the river in pursuit of the murderer, and succeeded, not only in tracking him, but in obtaining an exact description of him from those who saw him that night, and who remember him well enough to swear to him to-day."

"Bah! Who?" demanded Harcourt, screwing up his eyes and reddening.

"It is no secret. The landlord and landlady—especially the landlady—of the inn where he took a bumper of brandy to steady his nerves before he escaped by rail to London."

Harcourt knew every word of this to be true, but still he believed that, as far as he was concerned, it amounted to nothing stronger than surmise. So, striving to command his features, he exclaimed, supercilliously.

"What on earth has this sensational tale to do with me?"

"You are the man I chased," was the emphatic answer.

Harcourt recoiled as if he had received a blow on the breast; yet he recovered himself, and he said, after a moment's intense effort of recollection:

"Wild assumption—not a tittle of proof! What proofs have you, man?"

"Oh, you shall have proofs enough to make you scream for mercy! Do you know this portrait? The resemblance is perfect now, except, perhaps, that cursed imbecile leer."

Reginald held up the *carte de visite* he had received from Floye close to his eyes, and Harcourt recognized it at once. His head felt like a great stone on his body. Reginald went on to tell him what he knew of the events which had happened since, and which the reader already knows, and gave Harcourt his opinion of him in no measured terms, for he spoke under the influence of a strong excitement, though he strove hard to control it.

When he paused there was a brief but emphatic silence. Harcourt moved his lips, but no sound came forth. He coughed huskily, and then said:

"My good man, if you would not have me think you insane, come at once to your point. There are heaps of Harcourts in this country, and coincidental resemblances are common."

"Bah!" interposed Reginald, passionately. "Your tricky evasions will have no effect on me. This is the first point. The maiden name of the lady who was scandalously juggled into a secret marriage with this man"—he indicated the photograph—"was Florence Egerton, that of the scoundrel who beguiled her Harcourt Eliot, the original of this portrait. You are that man."

It was the impulse of Harcourt, with a volley of oaths and protestations, to deny this, but he could not help feeling the situation a little too strong for him.

He knew the individual before him was at least an intimate acquaintance of Floye's, and must have acquired a great deal of information from her—he could not guess how much—information which terribly compromised him, but which Floye herself could render harmless, if she would. He thought, if he could see her, he could talk her over. Under any circumstances, he thought it would be most discreet to temporize.

As soon as he had formed the resolution to make the attempt, he made a desperate effort to appear self-possessed, and after pacing the room for a few moments he stopped, and, turning to Reginald, said, in a tone of voice, and with a manner that perfectly electrified him:

"Pray, does the—a—young lady in question—a—*nee* Florence Egerton—a—live now?"

Reginald could not answer—he bit his nether lip until it bled—but he gave a sharp, short, angry nod of assent.

"Was—a—she really married, eh?" pursued Harcourt, with well affected calmness; and as an idea flashed through his brain he raised his eyebrows, and added, "Of course—a—between you, you have the certificate of her marriage with—a—this Harcourt, of——"

Harcourt found his utterance suspended by the sudden grasping of his throat by Reginald, and by seeing his inflamed eyes within two inches of his own, and actually by feeling his hot breath on his cheek. He gave a sharp wrench to liberate himself, but he was muscled by collar and wrist.

Reginald held him as if he were in a vice, and he hissed savagely, between his teeth:

"No more beating about the bush with you. Man, I am desperate, and mine is not child's play. Firstly, I want that child—that child you took ten years ago to Pendragon, and a few days or more back you brought thence to London. Where is it? Surrender it up to me without an instant's delay, or take such consequences as I will ensure you."

For at least a minute the two men, locked together, went round that apartment—indeed, over chairs and tables, and all—until at last Harcourt found himself brought to a standstill up in a corner, and quite unable to breathe.

Panting and gasping, he at length articulated:

"Unhand me, or I'll shout for help, and have you tossed out of the window, and——"

"Find yourself given into custody for an attempt to commit murder, you mean," growled Reginald; "think twice ere you bring twenty years' penal servitude on your head. I will have no mercy on you, and it is I who can prove your dastardly deed. Choose! I will only give you a minute to decide ere I rouse the hotel."

Harcourt was distracted. There was Leo at hand, who must not know of this. There was Floye to conciliate. There seemed to be a thousand conflicting suggestions; but here, too, was the stubborn fact, Reginald. If he appeared to assent now, something might turn up to assist him—in short, there was nothing else left for him to do.

"Yes or no?" growled Reginald, tightening his grip.

"Release me, and we will discuss it," murmured Harcourt, faintly.

"Yes or no," repeated Reginald, between his grating teeth.

"Yes," half choked Harcourt.

"I have a cab at the door. Where do we drive? Not one other word!" exclaimed Reginald, with stern determination.

"The Southwestern Railway," almost moaned Harcourt.

With wondrous celerity Reginald shifted his hold, and took the arm of Harcourt, which he grasped tightly. As we have said, he was already attired in walking dress, and therefore there was no delay. Like a pair of friends they descended the broad staircase, entered the hansom at the door, and were driven swiftly to the Waterloo station.

Ere the room door closed on them a woman's form appeared at the entrance of the inner room. It was Leo's.

She appeared dazed and furious.

"This is the secret," she gasped, chokingly; "a living wife and child. Great powers of vengeance, what am I now? What lies before me to do?"

She twined her arms about eyes and ears, and writhed and twisted, and all but screamed. Suddenly she threw down arms and hands, and upon her face there appeared a ghastly, terrible expression.

"The Southwestern Railway," she muttered; "I will be there as soon as they. I will have my share in that child's future."

She ran like a lapwing to her boudoir. It appeared untenanted. With trembling fingers she caught up a fur jacket and flung it upon her shoulders, hearing at the same moment a sharp click at the door as if it had been suddenly locked.

She turned sharply round, and beheld a woman clad in dark habiliments—the quiet apparel of middle life—advancing towards her.

She turned herself angrily and haughtily to her.

"Woman, you have intruded into a wrong room. Go away!" she exclaimed, impetuously.

"Not until I have had speech with you," was the answer firmly given.

"You? I know you not. I will not hear you!" she returned, passionately.

"You do know me, and you must hear me," replied the woman; "look on my face. I was once your confidential maid, Lavender."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SEEING STARS.—If a man falls so as to strike his head violently on the ice or on the pavement, or if he gets a blow over his eye, he is said to "see stars." The cause of this curious phenomenon is found in a peculiarity of the optic nerve. The function of that nerve is to convey to the brain the impression of light. It recognizes nothing in the world but light. It is susceptible to no other impression. Or if acted upon by any other agent, it communicates to the brain the intelligence of the presence of that agent by sending along its fibres flashes of light only. Irritate this nerve with a probe or other instrument, and it conveys no sensation of pain, but simply that of luminous sparks. The pain of the blow on the eye, or the head, is realized through the nerves of general sensation; but, unsusceptible to pain or any other feeling, the optic nerve sends to the brain its report of the shock by flashes, sparks, and "stars." The young doctor who died recently after falling upon his umbrella and puncturing his eye and brain with one of its steel ribs, complained of intense light in the eye forever darkened.

THE ORIGIN OF FASHION.

Trace a fashion to its origin, and you will nearly always find that it springs from the consciousness of a defect and a wish to mask it. The fatherland of crinoline is Spain, and a Spanish queen first wore hoops to dissimilate unequal hips. A Venus of the Boulevards, who committed suicide by throwing herself over a balcony a few years ago, revived the high-heeled shoes, which Louis Quatorze originally brought into fashion to appear taller than the king of Spain at the meeting in the Isle of Pheasants. A lady who derives prestige from rank, fortune and striking beauty, scalded her arm three winters back. An ugly mark bore witness to the accident. She thought of wearing, to conceal it, those long-armed gloves, which, out of mercy to the plebeian wives of Napoleon's marshals and generals, the Empress Josephine adopted. The hats slanting down over the eyebrows were the result of a lady of exalted rank losing her front hair. Queen Elizabeth's neck was yellow and thin, hence the "stiff muslin mane." The double veil of white and and black tulle was contrived by a "Parliamentary woman" with a bad complexion. She used pearl powder to hide her red skin, and the white and black veil to dissimilate the pearl powder, which would have shown on black net. An old Parisian beau, with an experience of more than half a century of fashionable society here and at the continental gambling and watering places, maintains that when a fashion is not traceable to a deformity it must have originated in the desire of a reigning or rising belle to crush a rival. Certain things now *a la mode* owe their vogue to this cause. It is a young duchess of the Faubourg St. Germain, intent on wrenching the sceptre of fashion from a waning beauty, who has brought in her afternoon dances and the new bonnet. From front to back rim this bonnet is of endless diameter. It is set on behind a wreath piled up on the spot where phrenologists tell us the organ of firmness lies, and it defies madly the laws of gravitation. With its trailing garlands, it has a wild, frolicsome look, which suits the giddy spirits of youth. No pity has it for the faded or "rejuvenated" hair; and it does not lend itself to the stratagem of the double veil of black and white tulle. It only goes with a bared face. Endeavoring to let herself down easy, the mature queen of fashion, whom this bonnet was meant to dethrone, had recourse to artificial blossoms of a russet tint, created entirely by her florist. She is now being driven into her last entrenchments. The fiat has gone forth that at afternoon and garden parties natural wreaths are to be worn. On removing her light straw bonnet the *danseuse* will still retain her floral crown. Those flowers which early summer decks the fields and gardens are suitable only to bright, fresh youth. This fashion, with plain women predominating over pretty, is sure to be ephemeral, and is not original. It was borrowed from one set by the late Comtesse d'Apponyi when she wanted, not to hide a defect, but to exclude from her circle some financiers' wives whose visage did not bear in the sunlight proximity to natural flowers. The wreaths worn nearly forty years ago at her garden parties in the Faubourg St. Germain were mounted by a Mlle. Barjou, who was supposed to have discovered a preparation which would keep them fresh to the end of the *fete*. To one of these afternoon dances the Comtesse Lehon came in a pea-green silk dress, profusely garnished with real lilac flowers, and a white lace scarf over lilac silk. A bonnet to correspond was set lightly over a wreath of Parma violets. The paragon and mirror of fashion that year was Mde. Emile De Girardin, the Tenth Muse, as she was called. She appeared at one of the Comtesse d'Apponyi's afternoons in a sky-blue gauze and daisies. She took a florist with her, and a little girl to cull daisies in the garden of the Embassy. While the latter gathered, the former composed wreaths and bouquets, which were supplied fresh and fresh between the dances.

THE TRAFFIC IN HAIR.

The recent expansion of the trade in hair during late years is scarcely conceivable. At the beginning of the present century it was considered a disgrace to wear false hair. To-day the detestable fashion has extended even to the most paltry villages. As late as the year 1850 one pound of hair cost four francs. Scarcely had the Empress Eugenie attained to imperial dignity than the price rose to eight francs and ten francs per pound. In 1865 the fashion grew into an epidemic, and spread beyond the boundaries of France. The German young ladies forsook the national custom of long and beautiful plaits, in order, like their French sisters, to burden their heads with steeples of hair. In 1866 the price rose to twenty francs; in 1867 to thirty-five francs; in 1868 to forty-five francs; and in 1870 to fifty-five francs per pound. This last is the price of "unprepared" hair; "prepared" hair costs double and treble as much. The finest hair comes from the heads of the dead women of Brittany and Auvergne. When in either of these places a girl or woman of middle age dies, the hair is cut off and turned into money. The hair of the living, however, fetches a better price, and sometimes blonde maidens receive as much as 1500 or 2000 francs for their tresses. Since the war the ladies have moderated their demands, and regard with less favor this hateful fashion, to which the physicians attribute so many nervous disorders and brain fevers.

LABOR is the law of the world, and he who lives by other men's brains is of less value to the world than the buzzing busy insect.

Three Attainable Blessings.

A good appetite, vigorous digestion and sound sleep are three blessings that imply a good many more, and are attainable by the daily use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The stomach that is invigorated by that ruling tonic rapidly disposes of the food committed to it, and at the proper time craves for more with natural earnestness, and the brain from which pain and despondency have been banished by that salutary anodyne and cheering cordial, enjoys at the hour of rest that tranquil, dreamless repose for which no other boon that Providence can bestow can compensate. Besides these most desirable results, the entire physique is strengthened and fortified against the attacks of disease by this splendid vitalizer and protective agent, which, take it altogether, is about the most desirable, as it is unquestionably one of the most popular medicines in existence.

WANTED—TO EMPLOY—Men to travel and appoint County Agents for DR. KARSNER'S CATARRH TREATMENT. Warranted to cure Catarrh or pay $1000 forfeit. J. C. TILTON, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A NICE DRINK.

The Russian punch must be a nice drink. It is made of a mixture of vodka, champagne, nalwka, (which is defined as a kind of gooseberry wine, resembling the French *cassis*, which is much affected by the Russians), and any other kind of wine that may be at hand. Apricots, melons and cucumbers are put in to flavor, and sugar to sweeten it; it is then ignited and allowed to burn till it boils. Sensible people who would see such a drink as this, and become acquainted with its preparation, would know what to do with it without any hesitation. But there are some remarkable individuals who think it proves nothing to have other people experiment with such a compound; they must try it for themselves. Some one who has tried it says of it, "Though palatable and insinuating, it is the most diabolical compound I have ever tasted. Every drop of it is laden with headache for a week and dyspepsia for a fortnight."

ONE day you will be pleased with a friend, and the next day disappointed in him. It will be so to the end; and you must make up your mind to it, and not quarrel, unless for very grave causes. Your friend, you have found out, is not perfect. Nor are you; and you cannot expect to get much more than you give. You must look for weakness, foolishness and vanity in human nature; it is unhappy if you are too sharp in seeing them.

A Sure Remedy for Piles

has been discovered by old Dr. William, (an Indian Medicine,) called Dr. William's Indian Ointment. A single box has cured the worst old chronic cases of 25 and 30 years' standing. The only sure remedy yet discovered; gives instant relief, no pain. Sold by druggists and country dealers, or sent by mail secure from observation for $1.00. Those who now suffer with this prevalent disease, should suffer if they don't give old Dr. William's Discovery a trial.

STRONG EVIDENCE.

MY DEAR SIR:—I feel I cannot speak in too strong terms of praise of Dr. William's Indian Ointment for the Piles, and its wonderful and magic-like cure upon myself. I have been afflicted with Piles for the last four years. At no time during this period have I been entirely free from suffering. I used various remedies recommended without relief or benefit, until last winter, hearing of the wonderful cures performed by the use of Dr. William's Ointment, I was induced to try it. After using the Ointment less than four weeks I found myself entirely cured and free from Piles. I bought only one box of Ointment and have half the medicine left.

Yours, respectfully, D. SALGUES,
City Auction House, Cleveland, Ohio.

Manufactured by G. W. FRAZIER, Cleveland, Ohio. Sold wholesale by STRONG, COBB & CO., Cleveland. JOHNSON, HOLLOWAY & CO., Philadelphia. McCLARRAN & McKENNAN, Pittsburgh; and other first-class houses.

DR. RADWAY'S
Sarsaparillian Resolvent,
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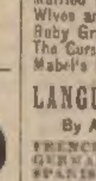

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The Boudoir

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

We trust our readers may not accuse us of dulness or want of variety because we cannot present anything specially new. We can offer quite a number of charming costumes, however, from late French models, which can be very readily copied.

One is of Sicilienne and faille, and has a deep flounce upon the lower skirt, which in its turn is trimmed at the bottom by a narrow gathered one. The wide flounce is put on in broad box plaits. A puff, with ruffle at the top and bottom, heads this flounce. This underskirt is of the faille. The apron overskirt is of Sicilienne, and is simply edged with a bias fold of the silk. It slopes upward at the sides, and is ended in the back by a double bow of ribbon. The sleeveless basque is of the Sicilienne, and the shape a plain round cuirass. Down the middle of the back is laid a fan-shaped pleating of the silk; it is narrower at the waist or belt, from thence it widens out again until it reaches the bottom of the basque skirt. Under this is a wide sash end of faille, two widths of the silk, fringed on the bottom, laid in wide kilt plaits, and trimmed down the centre with double bows of faille ribbon. The collar at the neck is simply a straight band of silk laid in three folds.

Another charming dress was of silk and hernani; the foundation skirt of rich black taffeta, trimmed with two pleated flounces of hernani. Four flounces similarly pleated were placed upon the back widths. The deep apron overskirt was covered with fine jet leaves wrought upon the cloth, and edged all around with beaded guipure lace three inches deep. The basque was a plain cuirass of silk, covered with hernani and trimmed with the same lace which edged the overskirt, only a little narrower in width.

It was put on in the form of bretelles, and a standing ruff about the neck. A fall of it edged the wrist of the coat sleeve, above which were pleatings of silk. Bows of taffeta ribbon closed the front, and were placed on the outer seam of the sleeve, just above the wrist.

A very pretty costume for a little girl of eight or ten years of age was of pearl-gray ponges, the point cut Gabrielle; the back of the waist a short basque. Square pockets of black velvet were placed on each side of the front, while four rows of velvet, two inches wide, were placed on the front breadth perpendicularly. The back width was trimmed with two flounces each six inches deep, and put on in box plaits, headed by a row of black velvet two inches wide. A short sash of velvet, with the ends looped together and fastened to simulate a knot, finished stylishly the back of the dress. A round velvet collar, and cuffs of the same material for the sleeves, completed the costume.

A hat of pearl-gray chip, trimmed with bows of velvet ribbon, was worn with this tasteful suit.

Very pretty toilettes of gingham or lawn, with a plaided edge to simulate the Scotch ginghams so popular nowadays, are shown.

One of the latter, with a gray-hair stripe running through a blueish-tinted ground, had a border for trimming of pale pink and gray plaid. It was made with two flounces on the lower skirt, each edged with the plaided trimming, one gathered, the other pleated on. The deep apron had a fine gathered ruffle surrounding it, of the plaid. The same trimming edged the half-loose French sacque and loose coat sleeve; also formed a ruff for the neck, and edged a wide sash end for the back of the apron.

Pretty morning wrappers are shown at the furnishing stores, in light lawns, sometimes plain white, trimmed with a lace pattern side stripe. They are cut Gabrielle, with a deep Spanish flounce, edged with the trimming mentioned, and pockets, sash, collar and cuffs likewise of the lace pattern.

Linen suits are shown in plain and embroidered setts. Overskirt and French jacket generally compose the suit. If plain, they are trimmed with fringe or lace to match the color of the linen; a thick lace which imitates Cluny and guipure.

The Derby hat is gaining in popularity, and is shown in chip or English straw. Gray or brown are given the preference to black. The trimming is principally a long ostrich plume, and loops of soft serge ribbon or debege silk.

White chip bonnets, very elaborately trimmed with flowers and loops of serge silk are much worn for full dress toilettes. A black velvet cord is set on the edge.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A fancy for black lace bonnets has revived. They are made of real thread net, and are puffed and trimmed with fine white or pale pink flowers.

A greenish white chip called "sea foam," is among the novelties.

Small round or pointed capes for the shoulders made of lace and jet passementerie, will be fashionably worn this season.

Some of the new black silk parasols have a fine feather trimming around the edge.

Mask veils of fine white tulle are much worn.

Large black satin fans, unpainted, and with finely carved handles of gilt wood, or ivory, are given the precedence abroad by stylish belles.

Neckties of ecru and gray lace are very fashionably worn either above or below the collar or ruffle about the neck.

Sailor and shepherd collars of guipure lace, in the two tints above mentioned, are much worn by little boys and girls.

French kid boots, elaborately stitched in white, are shown.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"MONA."—We answer all questions with pleasure. In reply to No. 1, we do answer by mail if a stamp is sent. 3. We can and do furnish any patterns we describe. 3. This is just according to your taste; custom sanctions the wearing of one, if it be a first bridal. Widows do not wear them. A wreath or sprays of flowers, generally orange blossoms and jessamine, are used to confine them upon the head. 4. Two dollars, or two and a half, is the usual price for a good article of the material you desire. 5. Yes; we think debege would be very suitable for the purpose. Say two shades of gray, light and dark.

"MISS MAGGIE CHILTON."—You omitted to send a stamp for reply by mail. Unless one is enclosed we only notice correspondence through the columns of the Poet.

"PRISCILLA."—We advise you to make the percale with a deep flounce on the lower skirt, headed by a ruffle, or band of the side trimming, which so often comes with such goods. Make a box or side plaited waist, or else a half loose French sacque. We do furnish paper patterns, and upon very reasonable terms.

"MARIE LAW."—There are so many styles nowadays that any becoming way is fashionable. If your forehead is low and your head small and well shaped, wear the front hair crepe, and the back in a low Grecian knot just above the nape of the neck. Finger puffs on top and two thick curls at the back is a pretty way for an evening entertainment. Sashes can be worn tied behind with a knot and loops, or else at the left side. Sashes of two inch wide ribbon and Valenciennes insertion; six or seven rows are worn. The ribbon and lace in alternate rows, the sash ends edged with Valenciennes lace of any width you desire.

NINON.

A BACHELOR'S STORY.

BY DAISY BURNS.

Let me see; it is just forty years this December,
Since I last fell in love with a pretty young face,
It snowed so that day; how well I remember
Each circumstance small of time and of place.

I was thirty, I think, and a fool, I must own it,
But she was so lovely and graceful to see;
And through all these years, though I scarcely have known it,
Her memory was dearer than aught else to me.

We were out on the ice, and a snowstorm beginning,
That lashed in its fury like ocean-born foam;
She stood there alone, with the crowd swiftly thinning,
And what could I do, pray, but see her safe home.

Oh, moments of bliss! on sir I seemed treading,
As I bent me to list to her heaven-keyed tone,
And though the wild snowdrifts, like mountains were spreading,
'Twas the happiest season I ever had known.

But all things must end. On the doorstep we parted,
And I turned to retrace my tired footsteps alone,
She murmured, "Farewell, sir; you're really kind hearted;
My husband will thank you for goodness thus shown."

Her husband! ye gods! My nerves gave a quiver,
And my bright fairy castle to nothingness fell,
While chills of despair swept my heart like a river,
I turned from her presence and bade her farewell.

We never have met. Could I bear such a meeting!
For hope in that parting died out of my life;
But her husband; I wonder what would be his greeting,
If he knew I lived single because of his wife!

AN ADVENTURE IN INDIA.

BY D. DARROCH.

It was in the year 1847 that I joined my regiment, as a sub, in Bangalore; and not being used to such a climate where the mercury runs up to 110 degrees in the spring, with no idea of coming down again till fall, I soon found myself an invalid, and almost cursed the day that I had been tempted to leave cool old England for such a sweltering country. Some of my friends advised a trip to the Malabar coast; and I was nothing loth to try any change, believing even the worst I could possibly make must be for the better. So I procured a palanquin, and eight good bearers, to take a turn about, and set off forthwith through as wild a country as ever a poor mortal could wish to see.

Nothing remarkable happened till we entered what is known as the Wynard Jungle; and if nothing had happened there, I should have been tempted to indict the whole country as a libel on appearance. Such a jungle as that may I never behold again! Reeds, weeds, grass, brambles, and bushes were interlaced like a network beneath gigantic trees of teak, whose boughs interlocked and canopied the whole, so that in many places the bright sunshine of heaven never penetrated to the earth; and as I was borne along in my palanquin, on the shoulders of four timid coolies, while the other four walked leisurely behind, I had the satisfaction of knowing I was in a perfect wilderness, inhabited by wild elephants, wild boars, tigers, leopards, hyenas, jackals, and any number of deadly reptiles, and that if we were attacked by any ferocious beast, I should probably be deserted on the instant and left to take care of myself. And then fancy me at night, with all these howling beasts around me, attempting to sleep amid all the poisonous exhalations of a malarious region, with millions of mosquitoes, moths, and bugs, humming, buzzing, and perforating every pore of my body, and you will form some faint idea of the pleasures of a sick man's journey.

Well, one hot, sultry afternoon, when we had reached somewhere near the middle of this jungle, as I was leaning back on the seat of my palanquin, and dreamily listening to the drowsy monotonous song of the bearers, I was suddenly roused and startled by two or three hoarse trumpet blasts, which proceeded from a wild elephant, who was crashing through the jungle at no great distance; but before I had time for a word, my attendants dropped me without ceremony, and betook themselves to flight. I leaped to my feet, with a kind of delirious strength, and, knowing there was not a minute between me and eternity, if I remained where I was, I plunged into the copse, and ran like a madman in a direction opposite to the sounds of my advancing foe.

Fortunately for me I was only a few seconds in reaching the foot of a large teak tree, up which I began to climb as only a man may climb for his life. I heard the monster crushing down the bushes, and making the very earth tremble under his powerful tread, and I went up, faster than I ever climbed a tree before, or ever shall again, with every stitch of clothes upon me completely saturated with the perspiration wrung from me in an agony of fear—not so much the natural fear of death itself, as the instinctive fear of such a death.

I think the animal must have turned from a direct course before espying me; for though close upon me, as I supposed, when I began to climb, I had succeeded in reaching the first limb, at least some thirty feet from the earth, when he made his appearance at the foot of the tree, snorting and bellowing in the most terrific manner. Seeing me beyond his reach, he lashed himself into a perfect fury, his comparatively small pig-like eyes shooting gleams of fire as he cast them upwards in his disappointed rage. Then laying hold of the tree with his trunk, he tried his strength in shaking it; but as it was too heavy for him to endanger my position by that means, he soon relinquished it for another.

Quietly stepping back for a few paces, he measured his ground; and then, with a sudden bound forward, he struck the tree a tremendous blow with his head and tusks. I was watching him closely, but only barely comprehended his design in time to throw my arms and legs around a limb, and brace myself for the shock. Nor was I any too well prepared; for the concussion bruised me not a little, and it seemed as if a few pounds more of force must have sent me clean from my perch.

But my enemy was not done yet. Stepping back, and looking up at me with an expression that seemed to inquire what I thought of it, at the same time that he would assure me of its being only the beginning of his battering operations, he returned to the charge with increased vigor. But this time I was better prepared for him, and came not so near being unseated as at the first trial. Nothing discouraged, he retreated still further, and then came down like an avalanche. It was terrible. I had twined and braced myself in every possible manner; but when he struck, it seemed as if the concussion, after first bruising me, and almost knocking my breath from my body, relaxed every nerve. Doubtless I should have fallen to the earth below, only that I was pretty securely balanced in the crotch of the tree, and, having resisted the main shock, had now no difficulty in retaining an upright position.

On again looking down at the elephant, I was surprised to see him with his head fast against the tree, lashing his tail, pawing the earth, and uttering a sort of moaning, bellowing sound, altogether not unlike a vicious bull when about to make an attack. I did not at first comprehend what had occurred, but supposed his actions to result from the anger of disappointment in not being able to bring me to the ground. But I soon had cause for rejoicing rather than fear. His last charge had been made with so much force, as to embed his long ivory tusks in the tree, and he was now a prisoner to his own brute strength. In vain he pulled and wrenched, moaned, bellowed, and lashed himself into a perfect fury. There he was a fast prisoner—caught as one might say in his own trap—and if ever a poor mortal was justified in rejoicing over the misfortune of a living creature, I think that individual was myself.

But I was still a prisoner, also. How was I to get down? and how make my escape when down? True, the elephant might not be able to liberate himself in time to do me any injury, but I already knew enough of the terrible jungle, to feel little inclination to set off through it alone. There were many intricate paths branching off from the main one over which I had been borne, and the mistake of taking any one of these would almost certainly be fatal—resulting in death from starvation, through being lost, or death from some one of the thousand other surrounding perils. What should I do? It was reasonable to hope that some of my attendants would, sooner or later, return to learn the fate of their master; and before venturing on anything rash, I resolved to wait a proper time for them.

Drearily passed the next three hours that I remained upon my giddy perch, above the imprisoned beast, looking off upon an undulating sea of matted foliage, with the hot sun of that tropical climate pouring down upon me its scorching rays, and almost stifling me with its feverish heat. How eagerly I turned my eyes in every direction, in the hope of getting a glimpse of one of my attendants, to whom I could make known my situation. No human being was in sight, and my wildest shouts brought no reply. Should I remain where I was, or descend? We were, as I knew, almost half a day's journey from any settlement, and it would therefore be impossible for me to reach a habitation before nightfall, even should I be fortunate enough to follow the nearest path, while a single mistake would leave me to perish in that awful solitude. I decided, therefore, to remain where I was, either till the sun of another day, or until I should see at least one human being capable of acting as a guide.

The sun was rapidly nearing the western horizon, and I was despairing of any succor that day, when my attention was attracted to a commotion in the jungle, some quarter of a mile distant. Birds of various kinds flew up screaming, and either hovered over the spot in anger, or darted quickly away in fear; and I could catch glimpses of the deer, the elk, and the buffalo, bounding off in every direction. What could be the cause of this disturbance? Was it some one or more of my attendants returning to ascertain my fate? Man, I knew, was almost universally feared by the wild, feathered tribe of the wilderness, and the animals of the brute creation, and in man was now my hope.

The line of commotion advanced slowly, but still I could not be certain of the cause. Nearer and nearer it gradually came, till at last I felt a cold thrill of terror pass through my frame, as I suddenly caught a glimpse of the sleek, spotted hide of a royal tiger, slowly and softly making his way through the jungle directly towards the tree upon which I was perched. I looked down at the elephant, and perceived that by some peculiar faculty or instinct he was already aware of his danger. He was standing perfectly still, no longer making an effort to release himself; but I could see the skin of his broad back quiver, as if every nerve of his body were affected.

The tiger gradually drew nearer, and at last stopped within a few paces, as if to calculate his chances. Then, with bristling hair, he stole softly round his intended victim, in a broad circle, his sharp teeth visible, and his terrible eyes glaring with fierce anger and desire. Then crouching for the spring, he gave one fearful roar and bound, and fairly landed upon the back of his helpless victim.

But his sufferings were of short duration; as he could make no resistance, the tiger had matters all his own way; and almost in the time it takes me to relate the fact, he had torn open the throat of the giant beast, and was drinking the blood. The sight sickened me, and I clung to the tree with closed eyes and a dizzy brain.

When I looked again, the terror of the jungle was making his retreat with glutted satisfaction. I looked down at the elephant, and beheld a gory carcass still held to the tree by his tusks. He was dead, and in his death was perhaps my own salvation, though I was still afraid to descend, lest I should be assailed by some carnivorous beast, attracted thither by the scent of blood so strong in the air.

I expected nothing but that I should be compelled to remain there through the night; but I bethought me to try the virtue of my voice again, and shouted for help. To my surprise and almost frantic joy, an answer was returned. I repeated my call for help, and one of my attendants made his appearance. I explained what had occurred; and by a signal of his own, he soon brought three of the others to his side. I then descended, but found myself very faint, and was by two of them assisted to my palanquin, where I swooned away.

It is enough to add that I passed through the jungle in safety; though if any one thinks I flattered myself on being a hero before I left it, I beg to undeceive him.

A PREDICAMENT.

MOTHER—(Who has left Charlie home to mind baby), "What are you crying about, Charlie?"

CHARLIE—"Why, I put baby in de bureau'r drawer, an' now I'ae lost de key."

FRENCH HOME LIFE.

Americans, and indeed most foreigners who judge of France from Paris alone, are apt to think that French people have no home life. So far is this from being the case, that few people are more tenderly attached to home than the French. For this reason they make very poor emigrants. While the Germans and Irish come here by thousands, comparatively few Frenchmen come here to stay. Not only are they attached to their native land, but to the very spot where they first saw the light. The poorest peasant toiling in Paris sends a part of his scanty earnings to his country home for the support of his parents and younger brothers and sisters, and looks forward with delight to the time when he will be able to go back there, buy a plot of ground and build a little cottage in which to spend the remainder of his days. Well-to-do families, who occupy apartments in Paris during the winter, retire during the summer to the "old homestead" in the country, to which all are tenderly attached. The feeling which unites members of the same family in ties of affection and interest is strengthened in France by a circumstance which does not exist in America. It is the social equality always preserved by members of the same family. Here, the sons of a farmer, embracing different kinds of business or professions, may, in the course of time, come to occupy very different positions in society. One may be rich, another poor; one famous, and another obscure. In France it is very different. The sons follow in their father's footsteps, living and dying, neither richer nor poorer than those who lived before them. Thus their affection for each other is never destroyed by diversity of tastes, circumstances or interests.

Correspondents' Bureau

All communications should be addressed to WALKER, REED & CO., Proprietors SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 726 SANSOM Street, Philadelphia.

This Department will be found an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

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DECLINED WITH THANKS.—A Woman's Vengeance. Caught in His Own Toils. "Thou Art All To Me." Woman's Vanity. Bygone Days. Measure for Measure. A True Wife. The Lost Child. The Hasty Marriage.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

F. HUGHES, (Washington).—Sunday is held as Sabbath by the Christians, Monday by the Greeks, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday by the Mahometans and Saturday by the Jews.

DARLING LITTLE MAY.—If you are unable to get up and [illegible] again and come down to acknowledge the serenade in person, all you need do in such a case is to throw out of the window to the serenaders a card on which you have written your thanks.

F. J. A., (Millstown).—The only advice we can give to a bashful man is that he should strengthen himself with the idea that his own secret thoughts are not the thoughts of others respecting himself. The bashful man always puts too low a price on himself, the very reverse of an impudent man.

DOC.—If you really love the girl, by all means marry her. According to your own statement she returns your affection; but it appears to us that you are one of those bunglers in love-making who, by their vacillation lose the prize they most covet. Women have a keenness of perception of character, which readily enables them to distinguish between the real and the false.

HARRY DUDLEY.—You have done quite right, and we highly commend your good sense, and hope you won't have to wait quite so long as you at present anticipate. 2. Your handwriting is very good, but in soliciting an opinion as to the merits of your penmanship, don't you think it would have been better to have exercised great care in the specimen instead of "taking but little pains," as you express it?

L. A. V., (Germantown).—Your penmanship is good enough in itself, but we must say that we do not see why you need make a sentence of each word that you write. You must attach a great value to your words when you put a full stop after each separate word, for all the world like the inscription on a Roman tombstone! If you were to discontinue doing this we think it would greatly improve the appearance of your letters.

DAHLIA.—The word "Fitz," used in composition, means "a son," and is the Norman French from the Latin word "filius," and the French "fils," both signifying "a son." Thus "Fitzgerald," meant "the son of Gerald;" "Fitzherbert," "the son of Herbert," etc. 2. We do not know whether there is any reward yet offered by an English Horticultural Society for the production of a blue dahlia. 3. Generally about two or three weeks, not longer.

A CONSTANT READER.—We should judge from what you tell us that the young lady herself has either changed her mind and wishes to break off with you, or that she has consulted with her parents, and finding them opposed to you, and not liking to tell you so, is trying, by treating you with indifference and coolness to make you give her up. In either case, we do not think there is much hope of your "remedying this thing," and you had better make up your mind at once.

G. M., (Bridgeport,) writes to us to say, that he wishes, without giving her offence, to discard a young lady to whom he has been paying attention, but for whom he finds out he has no love, and asks for our advice how to do it. In the first place, "discard" is not the proper word; in the second, he does not deserve our advice. The error lies in his having paid attention, which he never ought to have done. It is all very funny and very pleasant for the flirters, (male or female), but it is death to the flirtees. Remember the fable of the little boys and the frogs.

R. J. D., (Philadelphia).—It is impossible for us to tell you what trade would be best for you to learn. You are not too old to be a barber, if that is to your liking, though "driving a light wagon," if you can get it, would be the most healthy. 2. We would not recommend you to practise with dumb-bells. 3. Write to the postmaster of the place and inquire from him. 4. It is almost impossible to take tattoo marks out of the skin, and can only be done by blistering the parts and keeping the blisters open for a time; when the new flesh forms, the marks it is said will disappear.

MILLER, (Norristown).—The stage is not a profession we recommend to the young and inexperienced. It is at best a great lottery, for even talent of a high order may be neglected until the spirit of the aspirant is crushed. If entered upon at all, it should only be after a course of study, under able teachers, who will not fail to discover if the pupil has any real prospect of success. Honoring, as we do, the stage as a profession, still we cannot shut our eyes to the dangers which will be sure to beset the path of any young girl who selects it unless she enters upon its duties under careful and friendly guidance.

H. H. S.—You must, indeed, by your own showing, be a very precocious young man, only "18¾ years old, but having the appearance of a man, weighing 165 pounds, 5 feet 8½ inches in height, with a beard of good growth, and master of two trades, viz., painter and carpenter." Allowing you to be all you say, we must advise you strongly not to think of marrying for some years to come, until you are able to support a wife on something more substantial than "potatoes and salt," a diet which, however, it may suit the young lady we do not think a young man of your avoirdupois would be satisfied with. Wait for at least three years at the very earliest.

DORA.—"Please give me some hints as to the care of canaries when mating, as to what food I should give them, and any other information you may think will be of use to me." You should give them just the same kind of food when they are mating as at any other time, and that is bread, corn bread, light bread, biscuit, lettuce, cabbage leaves, clover, grass, potatoes, apple, hemp and canary seed, hard boiled egg, and, in fact, almost everything that we eat ourselves, except meat or something greasy. They should get plenty of food, and when the little ones are hatched give hard boiled eggs, and plenty of fresh good water.

BACHELOR.—"What is the origin of the phrase 'Grass widow?' There is no such expression in reality. The true phrase being "grace widow," which has been corrupted into "grass widow." "Grace widow" was the term of one who became a widow by grace of favor, not of necessity, as by death, and originated in the early ages of European civilization, when divorces were granted but seldom, and wholly by authority of the Catholic Church. When such decree was granted to a woman, the Papal receipt stated "*Viduca de gratia*," which, interpreted, is "widow of grace." In the law of the French it would read, "Veuve de grace," which in English gives "widow of grace," or "grace widow," "veuve" being translated as "widow."

READER OF THE POST.—You asked us a week or two ago, whether it was true that a commonsized room would hold all the gold in the world. It is estimated that the entire amount of gold known to the world at the present time, (not including Asia, however,) in bullion and ornaments is about $3,000,000,000. A cubic foot of pure gold weighs 17,543 ounces, and it is said to be worth $300,000. Therefore, 10,000 cubic feet is the total amount of gold upon which so much dependence is placed by the gold worshipers for furnishing a currency to facilitate the operations of commerce. It would only make a solid block fifty feet long and fifty wide by four deep. All the gold coin and ornaments in the United States to-day, if melted down, would not make a solid cube of fifteen feet.

H. D. DEAN.—There is no difference whatever between "a square inch" and "an inch square," but there is a difference between "two inches square" and "two square inches." Two inches square is four square inches—a square measuring two inches on each side—while a surface of two square inches is one inch wide by two inches long.

A. F. A., (Annapolis).—The origin of the expression "A feather in your cap," is traceable to an old martial custom. Among the ancient warriors it was customary to honor such of their followers as distinguished themselves in battle, by presenting them with a feather for the cap, which, when not in armor, was the covering for their heads; and no one was permitted that privilege who had not so distinguished themselves. From this custom arose the saying, when a person has done any meritorious action, that it will be "a feather in his cap."

PUZZLED.—It is a very common mistake that of confounding second cousins with *first* cousins once removed; and yet the rule is very simple, when you know it. First, second, third, fourth, etc., cousins must be of the same generation. Not so cousins once or twice removed. Thus, A and B are first cousins; then the children of A and B are second cousins to each other; but the children of B are first cousins once removed to A himself; and the same rule holds good in all succeeding generations. The grandchildren of A and B would be third cousins to each other; but A's grandchild would be a first cousin twice removed to B; and B's grandchild the same to A, of course; then B's grandchild would be a second cousin, once removed, to A's son.

K. B., (Pittsburgh, Pa.)—The word "Census" is derived from the Ancient Romans, and signified a declaration made before, and registered by, the Censors, containing an enumeration in writing, given by the several subjects of the Empire, of their respective names, places of abode, estates, quality, wives, children, domestics, tenants, slaves, etc. The Census was instituted by Servius Tullius, the Sixth King of Rome, (B.C. 566,) was held every five years, and embraced the numbering of the whole nation. With the fall of the Roman Empire the Census got into disuse, and it was left for America, the youngest state in the world at that time, to set an example to the others in a matter of such vital importance as a decennial numbering of the people. We began to number our people periodically, commencing in the year 1790, the Census of 1870 having, therefore, been our Ninth Census. England did not commence until several years later, her first Census being in 1801.

CLIQUOT.—In the process of manufacturing champagne, the difference between *sparkling* and *still* wine is owing entirely to the time it is bottled. Wine bottled any time between the vintage and the following May will be sparkling. It begins to sparkle after being six weeks in bottle, and the mountain sorts earlier. Bottled in June, it will sparkle but little; and bottled so late as October, it will acquire the condition termed still. 2. Irrespective of duty the high price of champagne is owing to the labor and risk in the process of fermentation. In this process the greatest attention is requisite, and the bottles are closely watched, the temperature of the air carefully regulated to promote or check the fermentation. Notwithstanding all this, thousands of bottles explode, and ten per cent. is always charged as a cost of manufacture. This is particularly the case in seasons of great or sudden heat. In one season (1843) Madame Cliquot, the "mother of wines," lost 26 per cent, or 460,000 bottles, before fermentation could be reduced by large supplies of ice.

J. P. H. (Astoria).—We can only give you very briefly, the information you seek as to the construction of the Pacific Railroad and Suez Canal. The former was commenced in 1864, but owing to various delays, only a few miles of the road were completed at the commencement of the year 1866. From this time forward the progress was rapid. The road was completed by the junction of the Central and Union Pacific roads on the 15th of May, 1869, at which date through trains began to run regularly. The Suez Canal was commenced about 1858, and officially opened November 17th, 1869, although about sixty vessels had already passed through it. The whole course of the canal, from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, is one hundred miles, about seventy-five miles actual canal, while for twenty-five miles it passes through intervening lakes, the channel through the greater part of which, had to be excavated. The width varies from 195 to 325 feet, with a depth of 26 feet. By going through the canal, the distance between Liverpool and Sidney, Australia, is reduced from 17,000 to 10,000 miles.

M. BRANT.—Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that many very intelligent persons believe firmly in presentiments, premonitions, misgivings and other supposed shadowy tokens of that which is to come. While it is true that these presentiments are mere fantasies, and generally end in nothing, we must still admit that there are more things in Heaven and earth than Hamlet, in his half wise and half insane philosophy, dreamed of, and that nervous and fine strung temperaments are apt to be beguiled by these (as they sometime) intuitive and veritable impressions which, like prophetic utterances, warn of evil and admonish good. Presentiments are sometimes apparently fulfilled, but that is no reason why any one should become their slave, or meekly yield to those inner and unaccountable suggestions, which with imaginative and deeply reflective people, are sometimes so powerful. Mysterious as our being is, we cannot by searching discover those hidden sympathies which seem to link it to another life, far less can we explain mental phenomena in their intricate and curious developments.

INNOCENCE wishes to be informed "what the various colors of the eye denote?" We question whether there is really a blue eye, except in persons of a low lymphatic temperament, and it is then a sign of weakness in body and often in mind. Light and dark gray eyes are the most common, and they are generally the index to a robust constitution and energetic character. The majority of great men, for instance, Napoleon and Wellington had such eyes. The brown eye is reflective; the hazel eye is the most fitful because it assumes colors in different lights and may be said to belong to merry and capricious dispositions. The black eye is associated with passion and genius. It is essentially an oriental eye, and its proper climate is the torrid zone. But whatever may be the color of the eye, it is the expression of the face that should be studied. The popular authoress, Mrs. Ellis, says, in one of her works: "Interesting people almost always have eyes which tell that they are so. Such eyes may be black, blue or gray, but they always convey an idea of extraordinary capability both in the way of receiving and giving out whatever subject is conversed upon. Eyes of this kind may easily make acquaintances without the ceremony of introduction." This is probably the true solution of the mystery of love at first sight.

C. J. L. (Newcastle, Del.)—"Why is the 'Nine of Diamonds,' in a pack of cards, called the curse of Scotland?" There are three historical facts assigned by different authorities as the cause of this saying, and we will give you them all, so that you can choose for yourself. In the distracted state of the country during the reign of Mary, a man, George Campbell by name, attempted to steal the crown out of Edinburgh Castle. In this he was unsuccessful, but managed to extract nine valuable jewels, and escaped safely to a foreign shore. To replace these a heavy tax was laid upon the country, which the poor oppressed people thought so great a grievance that they termed it the curse of Scotland; and, until very recently, the card bore the name of George Campbell in the Highlands. The second explanation relates to the well-known massacre of Glencoe. The mandate for this cruel deed was signed by the eldest son of the Earl of Stair, who was at the time the Secretary of State for Scotland. The coat of arms of this family bears nine diamonds on its shield, and the people, not daring to stigmatise the Master of Stair as the curse of Scotland, applied it to his armorial bearings. The last explanation relates to the battle of Culloden, which extinguished the hopes of the Stuart party, and was at the time considered a national curse. The Duke of Cumberland, who was known to have been a gambler, is said to have carried a pack of cards in his pocket; and when he had won the famous field, he took out the nine of diamonds and wrote his account of the victory on it.

MISCELLANEOUS.—C. F. W. H.—We are unable to give you the address of any coin-dealers, it being against our rules to gratuitously advertise any business firms in this column. FRANK, (Texas).—We have no knowledge whatever of the firm referred to. F. B. E., (Dean's Corners).—Frequent clippings and combing will we think make it thick and long. G. M. B.—In these dull times you had better accept the first situation that you can get, and be on the lookout for something better. MENSCHAFN.—Stop smoking. That is our advice. Short, but to the point. ANXIOUS TO LEARN.—If you can get over the difficulty of how you are to live while learning the business, you should by all means embrace the opportunity offered. GEORGIE.—It is always very dangerous for young ladies to carry on correspondence with young men to whom they have never been introduced. M. C. B.—Better be patient, and wait a little longer. 2. It is not expected that ladies should ask gentlemen who have escorted them home from an evening party to come in if the hour is late. MABEL.—If the gentleman to whom you gave back the ring refuses to take it, and you are determined upon not keeping it, send it to him by mail in an envelope. CLARA H.—There is too great a disparity; such engagements seldom lead to anything but misery. PERPLEXITY.—The sage says "Without money there will be carking care." Better wait awhile and trust to the chapter of accident. N. G. M. There is but one way of treating such a wretch—with silent contempt.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*